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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1887.

{ VOLUME L.—No. 514.
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SHE TOOK HER COCKTAIL LIKE A LITTLE MAN.

THE SENORITA GUADALUPE SUINAGO, DAUGHTER OF A MEXICAN MILLIONAIRE, ASTONISHES THE COATES HOUSE BAR,
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1887.

THERE IS NO OTHER!

Care should be taken not to confound the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, with any other illustrated publication in America. Ask your newsdealer for the

POLICE GAZETTE.
RICHARD K. FOX, - - Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York.

Agents wanted where there are no newsdealers.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S PROPRIETOR.

Now that Richard K. Fox is in England receiving all manner of courtesies from the sporting men of Great Britain, as the bearer of a friendly challenge in behalf of the American champion, the volatile and, if it must be said, loud-mouthed gentleman who is the ex-champion's mental and physical guardian, occupies himself with publishing in daily interviews, his opinions and intentions.

It would give real weight to Mr. "Patsy" Sheedy's promises and threats if anybody could recall a single instance in which they had ever been realized. As it is, in the language of Mr. Sheedy's actual profession, his "guarantees" are invariably "coppered" by everybody who keeps track of his "pledges," and the unintermitting regularity with which they are broken. And right here, let it be said, that a more modest and less reckless romancer than Mr. Sheedy would have allowed a little time to elapse between such rueful fizzle as his Fourth of July scheme and his fresh outpouring of "purposes" with regard to John L. Sullivan. Those who in a spirit of amusement have paid attention of late to the utterances of the ex-champion's mortgagee, will remember that Mr. Sheedy "pledged his honor" that he would celebrate the National holiday with an athletic festival that should be recalled in after ages as the most stupendous enterprise on record. Every pugilist in America, with a boundless confidence in Mr. Sheedy's solvency, was to take part in the Olympic games. Railroads converging from all points were to bring hundreds of thousands to see the sports and swell the receipts so sadly and sorely needed by their projector.

The long record of gigantic enterprises which Mr. Sheedy at various times "pledged" himself to execute, and which, in consequence, dismally collapsed, would fill a page of this paper.

Mr. Sheedy's latest proclamation is to the following effect:

John L. Sullivan's damaged arm is better than it ever was, therefore he will not allow John L. Sullivan to fight Kilrain on American soil; he will convey John L. Sullivan, with his other baggage, to Great Britain and there will compel Sullivan to fight Kilrain just for fun; after which he will most generously allow whatever remains of Kilrain to fight Jim Smith.

The fine hand of Mr. Sheedy, monkeying this time with a game which is run by regular rules and not by springs or fly backs, never did prettier work than in this proclamation. To read it, one would suppose that Chicago's ex-banker had acquired the monopolistic control of the world's pugilism. He seems to imagine he can annex the entire fistic domain to himself as easily as he got hold of the wanling champion, who, under his orders, refused to risk a thrashing in the ring.

Let us break it to him gently that the silliest counter-jumper who ever risked a dollar in financial speculations under the auspices of Mr. Sheedy's bank isn't green enough to swallow such twaddle. In the first place, it is more than improbable that Mr. Sheedy will ever go to England at all. He, himself, says he won't go till he has raked up enough money to redeem the consolation belt which is to be passionately bestowed on Sullivan when its maker sees enough cash in sight to warrant him in surrendering it. In the second place, Mr. Sheedy's policy of threatening magistrates and policemen with "pledges" won't work for a cent in Great Britain; but, on the contrary, would have the effect of landing the ex-banker and his ward in a common jail with as little ceremony as if they were an Italian organ-grinder and his proprietary monkey. In the third place, neither Jim Smith nor Jake Kilrain would pay the slightest attention to so weak a bluff as a challenge from Sheedy-Sullivan on English soil. The ex-champion and his keeper had their opportunity under the rules of pugilism right where both gladiators reside. That opportunity is not to be repeated elsewhere, and even Mr. Sheedy knows that.

Finally, from information in our possession we have every reason to believe that John L. Sullivan's manhood and dauntless courage are once more reasserting themselves. On several occasions lately he has vigorously resented the humiliating servitude in which Sheedy holds him, and recently expressed his views of his mortgagee in terms which actually brought a blush to that veteran manipulator's ample cheek. It is quite on the cards, therefore, that long before the last of Mr. Sheedy's "pledges" will be due, instead of being on the ocean, England-bound, he will be nursing with raw oysters and arnica John L. Sullivan's payment in full for all expenditures of wind and bluster up to date.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

IT IS POSSIBLE that the road Mrs. Langtry is taking here to become a citizen of the United States may not prove entirely smooth. The filing of her declaration of intention to become a citizen has caused the judicial aspect of the case to be looked into. The majority of the attorneys who have examined the subject have not yet satisfied their minds that she can become a citizen as her relation now stands. They concede, however, that if she should secure a divorce the case would be altered. Ex-United States District Attorney Hilbourne is quoted as saying: "It is a new proposition to me that an alien woman can become a citizen of the United States and her husband at the same time be an absent foreigner and not consenting. At first blush I should say that it couldn't be done." Another leading attorney said: "The filing of declaration is of no special significance. Careful consideration of all questions involved will probably lead the judicial mind to whom application for final papers is made to conclude that it was not the intention of the framers of the law to adopt as citizens married women of foreign birth whose husbands are still aliens."

THE SCENE IN FRONT OF WALLACK'S THEATRE on Monday afternoon was a disgraceful one. It appears that two well-known young actors had become infatuated with the graceful and winning ways of a lady who wears extremely light and airy nothing at the Casino

every night. These gentlemen happened to meet in front of Wallack's on Monday afternoon, and without a word of warning began to knock one another out. One of them had his hat smashed and his nose shattered, while the other was considerably damaged about the eyes, and retired from the contest with a torn coat. The mob jeered and made scornful remarks, and the two young men speeded away, heartily ashamed, I should hope, of the affair. One of them is particularly well known for his ambition to be mistaken for an Englishman.

I QUITE AGREE with my great and good friend, Mary Burnham Fiske, on the all important subject of leading men. She knows what she is talking about every time:

"When I first came in among theatrical things there were a strong of stage-lovers who made the girls' hair curl. There was no blamed nonsense about George Jordan. He was a dark, grave, in earnest lover on the Rochester plan. All the girls read "Jane Eyre" and saw George Jordan's image on every page. There was Johnny Mortimer—sweet, boyish-faced little fellow; but he glowed like a candle in a fervent love scene. There was Lester, too swell for anything; he made love with aristocratic eagerness. There was William Wheatley, a dashing cavalry officer on the field of love. There was Frank Mayo; he hasn't got over being a splendid stage-lover yet. There was Jim Collier, blonde and beautiful; why, he would wind his long arms round his stage inamorata, and gather her to his bosom and kiss her in such dead earnest that every woman in the house under thirty went home and wrote him a love letter, and every old hen sent him a collar button or a pair of slippers. Then there was Charley Thorn, handsome, impetuous, a trifle too sure of success in his manner; but the ladies looked in his face and at his stunning figure and made up their minds he was justified in anticipating victory."

"But now the lovers that we have—and the lovers we are threatened with—are so many suits of well-made tailor-clothes, and might as well have the wire bowls and papier-mâche masks the clothiers hang out with coats and pants on 'em. The London critics speak of Kyle Bell's shortcomings in Mrs. Potter's play. Louis Massen is a very stolid, unemotional lover. Otis Skinner is very much the same. In fact, any man who will go to bed with that name when we have Legislatures made to remedy such defects is wholly incapable of graceful love-making. Robert Hilliard comes nearest filling the requirements of the stage-lover: but he must certainly change his hair-dresser before he fills the vacant throne. There is nothing, not even a pink necktie and the bows of a pair of scissors sticking out of the vest pocket, that will give such a counter-jumper effect to a man's get-up as to plaster his hair in scallops and loops on his forehead. For years that intensely manly man, Bob Stickney, did his top-knot in this fashion; but he was a delightful surprise at Forepaugh's show the other afternoon. The slumped-down scallops were broken up, and the hair on his handsome head was short and well-groomed.

WITH THE OLD ACTDROP at the Union Square one of the eye-sore of the Metropolitan theatres will disappear. This drop, admirably painted by Marston, is a copy of the picture of a Roman chariot race. The horses are in frantic motion under the cruel lashes of the drivers and are apparently galloping straight for the spectators. The better such a picture is the more annoying it becomes during the waits between the acts of a play. When it was first hung we advised Manager Palmer to sell it to a circus for an outside advertisement. Manager Hill will probably present it to Forepaugh for the new Olympia, down on Staten Island. Another Actdrop which ought to be doomed is that at the Fifth Avenue. This represents a Spanish stage coach driven at speed, over a rough, dusty road, right down upon the people in the orchestra stalls. A fine work of art in itself, it is most inappropriate and unpleasant in a theatre. The dust suggests thirst; the beggars by the wayside are disagreeable; the over-driven horses and mules appeal to Henry Berg for relief. Is this the style of painting that can rest the mind and the eyes between the acts? On the contrary, the nervousness and weariness which it causes are responsible for most of the recent Fifth Avenue failures. To make room for this Spanish stage coach one of the most artistic and appropriate Actdrops in the city was painted out. We mean Charles Witham's painting of the greenroom of an ancient theatre. Here was a double waste of work and money.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, of Russia, asked to be allowed to enter into competition with Miss Annie Oakley, the "Police Gazette" champion, at the Wild West show, which permission was at once accorded. But although the prince has made a fairly good score, it showed poorly in comparison with that of his fair competitor, and he retired from the contest abashed, but firmly convinced of the superiority of American markswomen over Russian amateur lady shots.

MR. WILLIAM "RATS" POWERS is spending the summer at Scarborough, Eng., where he has created a profound sensation by appearing on the Spa in the identical costume which he wore in the performance of "A

Tin Soldier," and which is supposed by the simple-minded Britshers to be the ordinary summer dress of the American millionaire.

SPEAKING OF MRS. LANGTRY I do not exactly see what benefit a divorce will be to her, at least an American divorce. She cannot plead desertion for the simple reason that it is she who has deserted her husband. She cannot plead want of support for the reason that her husband is perfectly willing to support her and has a certain amount of means to do it with. She cannot plead adultery for the very good reason that her husband leads an exemplary life. In spite of all this no doubt she will secure a divorce in this country if she goes about it the right way, and having secured it I have no doubt she will forthwith marry Mr. Fred. Gebhard. Neither the marriage with him, however, nor the divorce, will stand good in England, and as, in spite of all her assertions to the contrary through the newspapers, it is her intention to reside in England, she is likely to get herself into a very unpleasant snag over the affair. Mrs. Langtry is, no doubt, a very excellent woman of business, but I do not think that her methods or her opinions of morality are much to be commended.

THE VETERAN COMEDIAN, Edward Lamb, expired on Tuesday night at his home in Brooklyn. He had been suffering for some time from cancer in the stomach, but had latterly appeared to improve so that hope of his recovery was entertained. On Monday, however, a change for the worse occurred, and he sank rapidly. The deceased actor was born in New York in the year 1829, and had been on the stage for upwards of thirty-five years. Nature having intended him for a comedian, of course he desired to play *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, and made his debut at Purdy's National theatre as *Martin Heyward* in the "Reut Day." He soon became persuaded of his error, however, and became very soon the leading lady comedian at McVicker's theatre, in Chicago. He married Mrs. Conway at the Brooklyn Park theatre in 1868, and remained there six years, and from thence went to the Union Square theatre under Messrs. Shook and Palmer. Of late years Mr. Lamb has been seen with various traveling companies, and last season was associated also in the management of one of these. He was one of the "old reliable" style of actors who are becoming extinct, and enjoyed the regard of every one who knew him.

DAVID HAYMAN, who managed Miss Fortescue last season, says: I shall represent Mrs. James Brown Potter in this country, and have just arranged for her appearance at Ford's Opera House, Washington, D. C. in January. I think the fact of her being an American will be of great assistance to her. English actresses who come over here as stars are, as a rule, inclined to expect a royal reception, just as they would join in tendering to the Queen herself in their own country. Miss May Fortescue was one of that class. When I first went to see Miss Fortescue in London, I found her living with her mother in a flat over a grocery store. She was content to drive out there in a hansom. My contract with her over here required that I should provide a carriage from and to the hotel and the depot. From the theatre she only hired a cab, but when I paid for the equipage she wanted it to be a coach with footman in livery, etc. I do not think she will come to this country again.

DR. MALLORY, ex-clerical manager of the Madison Square, now in London with his two daughters, was obliged to pay five guineas each for three seats to see the Jubilee procession; he happened to get them at a point where the pageant would pass twice—that is, both going to and returning from the Abbey. What did our clerical friend do? Why, he sold the right to see the return trip to a friend for twelve guineas, thereby seeing the sight himself, likewise his daughters, all for three guineas. No one but a clergyman would have thought of this little trick, eh!

DR. WOLFF HOPPER is one of the best, if not the best, singing comedians on the comic opera stage. His style is so different from that of Digby Bell that comparison is scarcely possible. Mr. Hopper is twenty-nine years old, and since his career on the stage began has been a close and intimate friend of Mr. Bell. He gave Digby the nickname of "Kib," by which he is generally known among his intimate friends. The origin of the name is buried in mystery, as not even its owner can tell whence it was derived. Both Hopper and Bell are baseball cranks and regard the game as one of the things that make life worth living. Hopper has an extravagant way of putting things that reveals the style of Dickens' Baythorn himself. His favorite figure when he exaggerates is ninety-four. He has a habit of terming a man who is six feet two in his stockings, "about ninety-four feet high," and everything else with him is of about the same dimensions. Outside a certain stage door in New York is a picture of Dr. Wolff Hopper's tall figure arm in arm with Digby Bell, and underneath it is written the words:

"Kib! did you ever see such a game. The first man batted the ball ninety-four miles away. The grand stand jumped six feet in the excitement of the moment, and the next man that took the bat, sir, sent the ball up to heaven, where it was held by a good angel for ten minutes until the runner scored, and they beat the game 9 to nothing, sir."

AN ACCIDENT, which was not attended with any serious results, occurred at Long Branch to Mr. and Mrs. William Henderson. Mrs. Henderson was driving her husband in a village cart from the village to their house. A spirited black mare was in the shafts. Just as they were crossing the railroad tracks the mare took fright at some object; and giving three or four plunges, broke away the bit and became unmanageable.

Mrs. Henderson is a careful and experienced whip, but her strength was not adequate for the emergency, and as the whole affair occupied but a few moments, there was a good chance of a smash. Mr. Henderson, however, came to his wife's aid, and seizing the reins, managed to head the mare straight into the big yellow picket fence which surrounds Mr. John Hoey's domain. Into this obstacle the mare dashed with furious force, the concussion sending both Mr. and Mrs. Henderson flying over the fence and effectively stopping the progress of the runaway. Both the lady and her husband were considerably bruised, but no bones were broken, and after resting a little to recover their wind, they proceeded homeward with the mare and the cart, which were also pretty badly shaken up. The place where the accident occurred is at all-times a very risky railroad crossing; some fifty or sixty trains pass there daily, and this added to the terror likely to be inspired in the mind of a horse by the sight of Mr. Hoey's gandy fences, makes it a very nervous point for drivers. Mr. Henderson has not yet received notice of any claim for compensation for the damage done to the fence.



WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

An Unsuccessful Bank Wrecker.

A special from St. Louis, July 2, says: August Bruswanger, a prominent attorney, was badly beaten in a fight to-day at the Fifth National Bank. He first got into a quarrel with the cashier, C. C. Creelius, over some bank transaction, in which he was told that he couldn't work a blackmailing scheme on that bank. He answered with a blow on the cashier's nose, and was then beaten so badly that his friends would hardly be able recognize him. He claims that the whole bank force jumped on him.

Rebellious Convicts Fired Upon.

A special from San Francisco, July 3, says: An attempt was made by several prisoners to escape from the State Prison at Folsom yesterday afternoon. The convicts were employed outside the walls, and one of their number making a break for liberty was followed by four others. The guard fired several shots without effect, and then, fearing that a serious attempt would be made by all the convicts to get away, opened on the fleeing men with a Gatling gun. One convict was instantly killed and another received fatal wounds. All the convicts at once ran for cover inside the prison gates.

Tragedy in a Gypsy Camp.

Comes a special from Lincoln, Neb., July 3: A gypsy family named Overton have been stopping in the vicinity of Broken Bow for some time. Trouble in the family has been frequent. Last night the oldest boy was awakened by hearing the report of a gun, and springing up found the body of his father lying on the floor and his mother near the door insensible. A shotgun which had been fired lay on the floor between them. The top of the man's head was blown off. The boy says they had been quarreling during the fore part of the night. The parties are in custody. The family has not had a very savory reputation.

Beat Her Child to Death with a Hoe.

A special from Charlestown, W. Va., says: Mrs. Virginia Robinson, of this place, is in jail, charged with the deliberate murder of her little girl, aged five years. The mother for a year or more has practiced the most revolting cruelties upon the child, and on several occasions her indignant neighbors have interfered and taken the child from her.

A few days ago, upon some trifling pretext, the mother seized a hoe and felled the little girl to the earth, beating her as she lay prostrate until she had inflicted fatal injuries. The skull was fractured, one arm broken, and frightful wounds were made upon various portions of the little one's body. Witnesses testified to having seen the assault and heard the cries of the child.

Swept Off the Beach by a Wave.

Widow Elizabeth McKenna, of this city, sixty-five years old, went to Asbury Park last Friday week to apply for a situation advertised in the *World*. She found that it had been filled, but stayed around the Park trying to get a place at service. The other day, while walking along the beach at the upper end, near Deal Lake, a big wave toppled her over as she was stooping down to pick up shells. The beach is shelving, and besides there was a strong ebb tide running out, as it lacked only three-quarters of an hour of low water. Mrs. McKenna was tossing about in the surf when Lumberman Pennypacker caught sight of her. At first he thought the object he spied was a log, but as she was riding out on a big wave he saw an arm sticking out. Mr. Pennypacker waded in and dragged out the widow, who appeared to be lifeless.

An Interrupted Lunch.

A gentleman and lady sat at a window of the Clarendon hotel, Brooklyn, the other day, enjoying apparently delicious ice cream. Three bare-footed mischievous-looking youngsters came by. One of them caught sight of the tempting mound of cream. Then the three gazed on the plates and apparently noticed with what seeming distaste the gentleman treated the ice cream, for he merely toyed with the empty spoon, as he chatted away to his charming companion. Three little frowsy heads were soon bunched together. Then the nimblest and tallest of the youngsters sprang to the window, picked up the plate of ice cream, quickly emptied the contents in one of his companion's hats, threw back the plate, and away the youngsters scurried down Johnson street. The lady gave a little scream, the gentleman looked out of the window, two agile waiters ran out, but it was too late—the ice cream and boys had gone.

Took Her Cocktail at the Bar.

A special from Kansas City, July 3, says: The unusual sight of a young, pretty and tastefully dressed woman standing with a party of gentlemen before the Coates House bar absorbing a cocktail with a straw and apparent relish, created a sensation among the habitues of the house this morning. The young lady, who did not appear at all unused to the position, was the Senorita Guadalupe Suinago. Her father, Senor Suinago, a tall, military-looking man, stood at her right, while at her left the Marquis De Vivanco toyed with his tumbler of liquor with refreshing abandon. Mr. Lee Stein, President of the National Bank of Mexico, gave evidence of great thirst as he raised his glass to his lips, and his protege, Luis Gracia Prenil, looked bashful and unused to strong drink.

Senor Suinago is a cotton millionaire of Mexico. The Marquis de Vivanco, at present a sugar refiner, was an officer on the staff of the late Emperor Maximilian. He represents one of the few noble families in Mexico. Mr. Stein is a prosperous banker, and has spent his life in Mexico. The entire party reached Kansas City on Saturday a week ago.

AT THE MERCY OF A MOB.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Chattanooga, Tenn., July 8, says: Dalton, Ga., has been in a state of terror to-day. At 12 o'clock William Holman was to have been executed at that place for the murder of Matilda Holman last December. Last evening Governor Gordon commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life. At 7 o'clock this morning 5,000 people assembled at Dalton to be present at the hanging, which was to have been public. On learning of the action of Governor Gordon they resolved themselves into a mob and captured the town. To-night the mob erected a scaffold in the principal business street of Dalton upon which the effigy of the Governor was hanged and publicly burned.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Little Frankie Kasha.

Thursday afternoon, June 9, Franciszka Kazza, or Frankie Kasha, as she was generally called, a blue-eyed, brown-haired, sweet-faced little girl, left home on Seventh street, at La Salle, Ill., and on the Saturday morning following a grappling hook brought her lifeless body from the depths of a well in a deserted house on Eighth street. The arrest of Gustave Miller, a gardener, speedily followed, and last week he was duly indicted by the grand jury for the murder of the innocent child. After the disappearance of the little girl the finger of suspicion pointed directly to Miller in whose company she was last seen, and since then the chain of circumstantial evidence has presented apparently strong proofs of the prisoner's guilt. To Rev. Wettle, who two years ago married him, he would not give any account of himself or his native place in Germany, and utterly refuses to disclose anything in connection with his past life. The ugly gash on the child's head, and the fact that the lungs were not filled with water, are other strong evidences of foul play. We present above an exact and correct picture of the poor little girl. The outcome of this brutal crime will be watched with the closest scrutiny.

AN INTERESTING SCULLING MATCH.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.) A private scull race of one mile, between Miss Fanny Stewart, of Atkins, Tenn., and Miss Julia Tenbrook of Newark, took place about dusk the other evening off Hilton Dock, Atlantic Highlands, N. J. Both were dressed in light bathing suits, armless waists and black stockings. Miss Stewart proved the better rower, coming in full two lengths ahead, making the distance in eighteen minutes. It is said that a swimming match will shortly take place between the two young ladies at the same place.

STOLE A DIAMOND OFF A DEAD MAN'S FINGER.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.) Our correspondent at Red Bank, N. J., writes, July 7: The body of George Smith, the man who suddenly dropped dead at Monmouth Park yesterday, is still kept at Coroner R. T. Smith's undertaking establishment at the request of his relatives in Jersey City, as the funeral will not be held until Saturday. While the remains were carried to the Grand Stand to await the arrival of the Coroner, some person stole a valuable diamond ring off a finger. Coroner Smith has considerable money in his possession that was found in Mr. Smith's pockets.

A GIRL SAVED BY HER BUSTLE.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.) The Norfolk Virginian says: The Southern-bound mail train on the Seaboard and Roanoke railroad came near killing a young lady on Friday. Just beyond Margettsville the road runs for some distance through a kind of swamp, which is a favorite place for fishing. Miss Noni Jaques was sitting on the embankment indulging in the seductive work of angling for eels, when the mail came thundering along. There was enough room for her to remain in safety where she was, but with the usual non-presence of mind which generally prevails on such occasions she got up and started across the track. The engineer did his best to stop his train, but was unable to do so. The locomotive struck Miss Jaques and hurled her from the track. The train was stopped and backed to the place where she was supposed to be lying a mangled corpse. The trainmen and passengers, however, were amazed to find a very much frightened and exceedingly angry young lady, who had escaped all injury except having the back of her dress torn out, having been saved from a terrible death by her bustle.

BETTIE ALDRICH SHOT BY JEKEL.

(WITH PORTRAITS.) Some time after eleven o'clock Sunday night week John Aldrich, who lives at the corner of Sixth street and Missouri avenue, in Jeffersonville, Ind., was aroused from his sleep by the explosion of a pistol in his parlor. Hastily dressing, he ran in and almost stumbled upon the prostrate form of his eighteen-year-old daughter, Bettie, who lay bleeding from a wound in her head. Her lover, George Jekel, who had been with her all the evening, stood in the middle of the room, wringing his hands and crying. Mr. Aldrich asked Jekel what was the matter with Bettie, and the latter replied that she had shot herself. Jekel was at once accused of murder by the excited parent, but he strongly denied the charge. The young man hastened to the house of E. D. Caldwell, and, awaking him, asked him to go to the home of the young lady. Mr. Caldwell, when he arrived, made a hasty examination and found that Miss Aldrich was

fataly injured. The doctors were summoned, but they could do nothing for her. She was not unconscious, but was too weak to speak. She sank rapidly, and at five o'clock in the morning passed away.

The death of the girl caused great excitement in Jeffersonville. The pistol from which the fatal shot had been fired was found lying under the folds of her dress. It was a .32-calibre weapon, and was the property of young Jekel. The latter was arrested upon the charge of murder and lodged in jail. Miss Aldrich and Jekel were engaged to be married, and it was supposed that he had killed her in a jealous fit.

AN EMBARRASSING POSITION.

The Mistake Made by a Young Lady in Minnesota.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It was in a leading Third street dry goods store that two young ladies stood before the counter and kept the dapper clerk busy pulling down dress goods and draping them over his arms so that the light might strike them favorably, says the *St. Paul Globe*.

One of the ladies had passed the meridian of life, while the other was just budding into sweet womanhood. She chatted shyly with the clerk, commenting on the style of the different dress patterns, and after a half hour of dillydallying she selected a few yards of one piece and the clerk wrapped it up neatly.

"That will be \$15.67," he said, as he laid the bundle down on the counter in front of her.

The young lady smiled sweetly, and drove her right hand down into her dress pocket. She felt around in its depths for a half minute, when a strange look came over her face. She blushed painfully, and her eyes wandered painfully to the face of the elder lady, who, surprised at the expression on the young lady's face, came over to her. Still painfully blushing, the young woman whispered something to the elder and blushed deeper than ever. The elderly lady thought a minute, then walking over to where the clerk stood drumming on the counter, asked: "Are you married?"

"Yes," replied the clerk.

Taking hold of the lapel of his coat she drew his ear down to her mouth and whispered a few words,

"Why certainly," said the clerk; "right behind that pile of prints," and turning his back on the two ladies he sauntered carelessly down the store.

Catching the young girl by the shoulder the elder lady pulled her behind the pile of prints, and when a minute later they came out and the clerk strolled back the elderly lady held a pocketbook in her hand and paid the clerk for the goods the young lady had purchased, then smiling sweetly on him they went out.

When they had got well away from the store door the young woman said to the other lady:

"I never felt so ashamed in my life. I don't see how I came to forget it. That's the last time I'll put my pocketbook in my stocking."

WHOLESALE DROWNING.

Twenty-seven Women and Children Perish by the Capsizing of a Pleasure Yacht.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The sloop Mystery, with a party of excursionists on board, was capsized off Barren Island, N. Y., at 6:30 o'clock the evening of July 10. The tide was tearing out more rapid than a mill race and a land breeze that was almost a gale gave a white curl to the waves. The sloop had started to come about, but the bigness of her load—there were thirty-seven persons on her—caused delay. Then a squall struck her. Over she went, and men, women and children were thrown into the water. The tugboat C. E. Dean was not far from the Mystery when she capsized, and Capt. Rohde directed her head toward the unfortunate excursionists. There was a party of pleasure seekers from the Sixth ward on board the Dean, among them Detectives Murphy and Crystal of the Elizabeth street police.

The Mystery was in the channel when the squall struck her, and the tug had to round part of Barren Island to reach her. A yacht that had started out with the Mystery from the excursion grounds at Ruffe Bar, and was near her when she upset, made no effort to go to her rescue. Her crew, seemingly paralyzed with terror, had let down her sail and thrown out an anchor. When the Dean arrived a little boat, manned by Andrew Robinson, a negro, who had rowed out from Barren Island, and picked up five women and two men, was struggling against the strong tide. The Dean took his load on board, and then drew near the Mystery, which was nearly submerged. Two little girls, unconscious or dead, were picked up on the way, and then the body of a woman was taken from the water. A young man in a white flannel shirt jumped overboard from the Dean and dived several times under the sloop in an effort to secure bodies. The next day it was discovered that no less than twenty-seven women and children perished on the ill-fated boat, most of their bodies being recovered.

SAFE BEHIND THE BARS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Cleveland, O., July 1 says: The three murderers of Detective Hulligan are in Cleveland. They arrived at 6:15 o'clock this morning and are now in the county jail under a strong guard and in heavy chains. The Detroit boat was due at 6:30, but long before that hour people began to assemble at the docks along the river. Chief Schmitt and a big detail of police were on hand. Two patrol wagons stood at the landing. The police had hard work in keeping the crowd back, as every man wanted to see the desperate criminals. Capt. Hoehn, learning that everything was ready, boarded the boat again and a moment later a heavy detail of detectives came off the boat, and with them came the fur robbers. The prisoners were chained together and had their hands fastened with steel bracelets. As they hobbled into the first patrol wagon a cheer broke forth from two thousand people on the wharf. "Blinky" Morgan had a heavy crop of whiskers all over his face. They are cut and dyed a deep black, but in spite of the disguise he is "Blinky" just the same. When the landing was made some one on the dock yelled, "Hang them!" Morgan turned entirely around to see if the cry was to be carried out, while the other two prisoners pulled their hats down over their eyes and seemed to be thoroughly frightened. Detective Hulligan's two sons were at the dock.

WORSE THAN "BALD-KNOBBERS."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Winchester, Ohio, July 1, says: The "knights of the switch," to the number of twenty, went to the house of a woman named Martin, in Jefferson township, last night, and demanded admittance. Upon being refused they battered down the door. Two men were inside, who made some show of resistance,

and several shots were exchanged without injury before the "knights" overpowered the inmates. Mrs. Martin and her daughter Lily were then dragged from bed, stripped and tied to the door frame and whipped with hickory switches until they were unconscious and their bodies a shocking mass of bruised and bleeding flesh. The elder of the two women was the first to revive and was told if she did not leave the country within twenty-four hours they would be killed. The men, who were married farmers living in the vicinity, were dismissed with the admonition that if they were again found in a house of ill-fame they too would be killed. The knights then rode off.

RUN OUT OF TOWN.

A New York Man on His Vacation Offends the Citizens of Fonda, N. Y.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Fonda, N. Y., July 2, says: Three weeks ago Leon Litt, an employee of a wholesale clothing house in New York, came up here for a month's vacation. He has a cousin here named C. U. Lamline, who is in partnership with Mr. Walking, in a store. Litt made his home with his cousin and struck up an acquaintance with Walking, who wished to help the New Yorker enjoy his vacation. Among the pretty girls with whom Litt became acquainted were Luella Clarke, aged seventeen, and Emma McLaughlin, aged eighteen. Walking was acquainted with the young ladies, and introduced Litt to them. Litt betrayed a partiality for the society of Emma, and thereafter the two couples were seen in the evening enjoying long walks. Below the village is a gypsy encampment, and back of it rises a grassy mound. On last Saturday evening Walking and Litt, with Luella and Emma, walked down to the gypsy encampment and then climbed upon the hill and sat down on the grass, where they could overlook the encampment. While they sat and conversed with each other a gang of young men surprised them, and the remarks that were made caused the young couples to return with all speed to the village.

The young men circulated a story which speedily reached the ears of Mr. McLaughlin. On Monday last he sought out Litt in Lamline's store and vowed vengeance upon him. According to Litt he said: "Unless you get me arrested I'll have your heart's blood." Finally he left, but not before he had scared Litt almost out of his senses. Nothing further occurred until last Thursday evening, and Litt had begun to feel easy again. On that evening, however, he left his cousin's for a walk, and had not gone over one hundred yards when two men stepped out from a doorway toward him. One of them was McLaughlin with a heavy cane upraised. He shouted, "Now we have him," and half a dozen others rushed out with shouts of "Kill him." Litt did not wait to be killed, but turned and fled like a hunted hare to his cousin's store with the yelling crowd in full pursuit. He fell exhausted just as he reached the door, and was pulled in by Walking and his cousin, and the door bolted.

TWO PLUCKY LITTLE ONES.

Brother and Sister Save a Young Lady's Life at Bath Beach.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Jennie Pitou, the young lady who was rescued, is the daughter of E. Pitou, a broker, of No. 15 State street, New York, who is stopping with his family at the Lowry House, Bath Beach, L. I. The other morning, about 11 o'clock, Miss Pitou, who is an expert swimmer, went into the water for her morning bath. She swam out about one hundred yards from the shore, when she suddenly became faint and sank.

The only other persons in the water at the time were Harry Law, aged twelve, and his sister Minnie, two years older. Seeing Miss Pitou's danger, the gallant little fellow swam to her assistance. He reached her just as she came to the surface, and she threw her arms around his waist. In his hurry to go to her aid he had exhausted his strength so that he could not bear her weight, and both sank beneath the surface.

Minnie Law meantime was swimming out to the rescue. She is a strong swimmer. When her brother and Miss Pitou came to the surface she had reached them. The screams of the ladies on the piazza had by this time attracted the attention of a man working on the shore, and he put off in a boat to assist the lady and children. Before he got to them, however, the children had got Miss Pitou to the shore. She was unconscious, and the little boy who had so nobly gone to her rescue was exhausted.

When the story of the rescue became known the children received an ovation which seemed to surprise them greatly. Mr. Pitou presented each of them this morning with a gold watch suitably inscribed in recognition of their heroism.

HE DROPPED A MILE.

Tim Baldwin Jumps from an Elevation of 5,000 Feet at Quincy, Ill.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At Quincy, Ill., July 4, a thrilling performance was enacted as the principal attraction of the celebration. Tim Baldwin, the aeronaut, was advertised to jump from a captive balloon at an elevation of 2,000 feet. At a few minutes past four o'clock Baldwin jumped into the basket. The balloon was cut loose and rose gradually in the air, carried eastward by the wind. When about 2,000 feet high Baldwin grasped the ring of his parachute which hung from the netting and gave the lines a shake, straightening them out. He parted the ropes between the ring and the basket, and steadied himself for the leap.

The balloon in the meantime had reached an altitude of 4,500 feet. The watching thousands were giving up, and in a few moments more would have started home. Another movement is visible in the balloon. The bottom of the parachute is shaking in the wind, and interest in Baldwin and the balloon is again excited.

The plucky man has jumped. For a hundred feet he drops like lead. The parachute partially fills and the next hundred feet the velocity is decreased.

In 3 minutes and 20 seconds after leaving the balloon Baldwin's feet strike terra firma. The rope strings about his wrists relax an instant and then tighten, as the wind catches the parachute and turns him over a couple of times before he is able to release his hands. With a quick movement the parachute collapses, leaving him prostrate for a moment after the most perilous aerial voyage ever chronicled, and two miles from his starting point. When Baldwin left the balloon it was at an altitude of 5,000 feet and a mile east of his starting point.

Solomon never saw a Texas red ant, or he would not have told the sluggard to go to them. It would have been unnecessary cruelty, as they always go to the sluggard—or any one else.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Sheriff Hogg.

Above we print the portrait of Sheriff Hogg, who was in charge of the posse in the Craig Tolliver desperate encounter at Morehead, Rowan county—which resulted in killing of some sixteen men, including the desperado himself. Sheriff Hogg is not at all a hog by nature, but a very fine officer, who is well liked by all the best citizens of Rowan county for his bravery and good character.

James Juliano.

James Juliano shot and killed Jose Antonio at Newark, recently. Forty hours after the fatal affair the murderer was captured in Paterson, N. J., by Newark officers, which was very quick and clever work indeed. The murder is the talk of the neighborhood where it was committed.

Sam Brewer.

Everybody in the neighborhood of Fort Smith, Ark., knows of Sam Brewer, the lawless and one-armed cowboy, who can mount a horse or shoot a Winchester with as much skill as the next man. Sam is said to be the terror of the country and is charged with three assaults with attempts to kill. Sam is a dandy.

Joseph Quinn.

The cowardly killing of athlete Quinn by that sneaking crook Dan Lyons, on Second avenue, in this city, last week, caused considerable excitement among the many athletic clubs with whom young Quinn was very popular. He had a host of friends among the young business men in lower section of town, and among the best class of gentlemanly sports in this vicinity.

James M. Webb.

At 2 o'clock the other morning a party of fifty unmasked men rode into Kosciusko, Miss., overpowered the jailer, breaking open the jail, and took out James M. Webb, charged with poisoning his wife, and carrying him to a trestle on the Canton, Aberdeen and Nashville railroad, hanged him with a plow line, which was tied to the rail on the trestle. The 5 o'clock passenger train in passing over the trestle cut the rope, the body falling to the ground.

Henshaw and Ten Broeck.

A better known couple of artists than these two cannot be found on the American stage. For many years co-operating in the most laughable sketches, they start out next year, in conjunction with Frank M. Wille, in an operatic extravaganza, which is entitled "Old Cronies," and brims over with fun. It is full of new and catchy music, topical songs, dances, quartets and marches, and eight pretty girls have been added to the company to give it extra attraction. It is safe to prophesy that "Old Cronies" will be one of the hits of the season.

LUCKY BOSTON.

At the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, held in New Orleans June 14, New England was especially favored by the blind goddess, as parts of both the second grand prize of \$100,000 and of the fourth prize of \$25,000, as well as a great number of smaller prizes, were drawn by tickets held in Maine and Massachusetts. Mr. A. B. Clark and Mr. R. J. Tuffin, of this city, each held a portion of the ticket that drew the fourth grand prize, and each are correspondingly elated. Mr. Tuffin is janitor in a large wholesale establishment on State street, and is a conscientious, well-to-do laborer, possessing the entire confidence of all who know him. Since his marriage a few years ago it has not been his custom to purchase lottery tickets, but last January he entered a "combiner" composed of his fellow employees, and again began investing a dollar each month in The Louisiana State Lottery. At first, when approached by a *Courier* reporter, Mr. Tuffin was rather reticent, and preferred that his good fortune should be as little heralded as possible, "for," said he "my friends will all think I am a great deal richer than I am, and will be wanting me to contribute thousands of dollars morning, noon and night to some scheme or other, and I think, therefore, the less said about it the better. When I draw the grand capital prize, which I expect to do soon, you may write whatever you please, and print my picture on your first page to boot, if you wish." As the speaker's objection, however, was principally due to a commendable modesty he was not hard to convince that it was his duty to sacrifice his personal feelings in the matter for the sake of the public good. It only need be added that Mr. Tuffin has wisely invested his unexpected fortune, and that his faith in the honesty and enriching power of The Louisiana State Lottery is greater than ever.—*Boston (Mass.) Courier*, July 2.



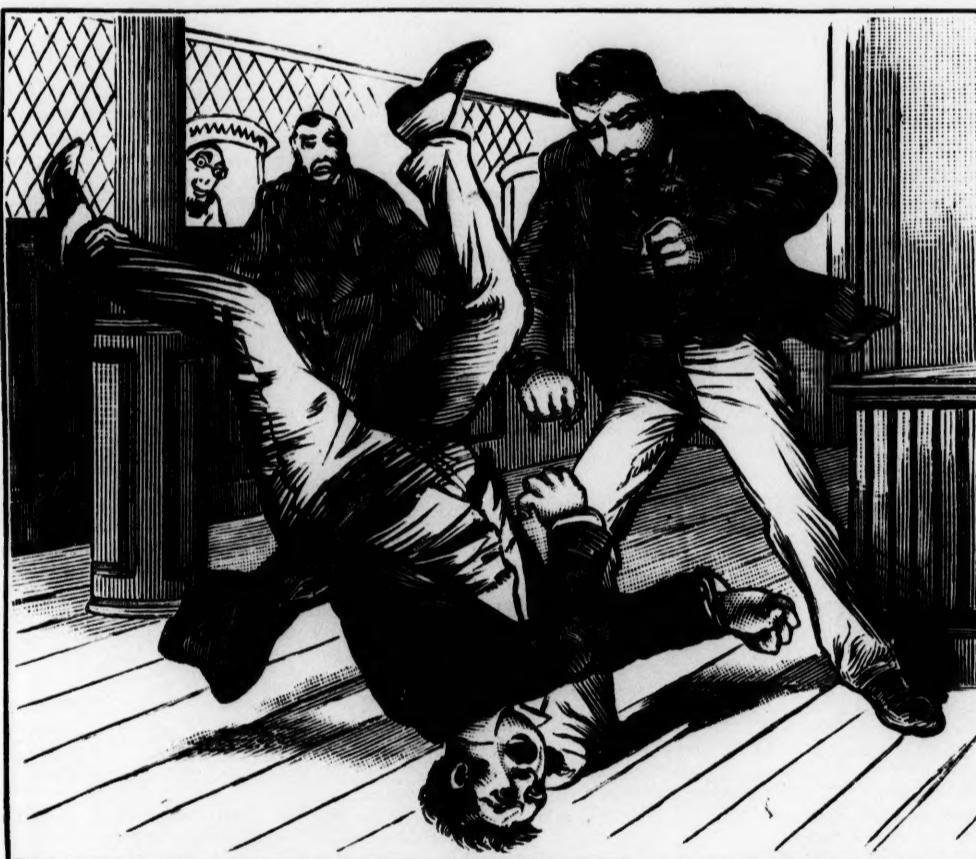
(Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX at the ELITE STUDIO, San Francisco, Cal.)

JOHN E. HENSHAW,

THE EXCELLENT ACTOR WHO STARS NEXT SEASON IN HIS OWN PLAY,
"OLD CRONIES."

(Photographed Expressly for RICHARD K. FOX at the ELITE STUDIO, San Francisco, Cal.)

MAY TEN BROECK,

THE FAMOUS AND FASCINATING SOUBRETTE WHO GOES ON THE ROAD NEXT
SEASON IN "OLD CRONIES."

THE BANK BROKE HIM UP.

AUGUST BRUSWANGE MAKES A RAID ON THE FIFTH NATIONAL OF ST. LOUIS,
AND IS LAID OUT FOR HIS PAINS.

AN INTERRUPTED LUNCH.

THREE INGENIOUS BAREFOOTED BROOKLYN BOOTBLACKS BEAT A BRACE OF SWELLS
OUT OF THEIR ICE CREAM AT BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE TOWN TURNED ON HIM.

LEON LITT, A NEW YORK MAN ON HIS VACATION, OFFENDS THE CITIZENS OF FONDA, N. Y., AND HAS TO RUN FOR HIS LIFE.



JAMES JULIANO,

THE MURDERER OF JOSE ANTONIO, WHO WAS RUN DOWN BY CLEVER OFFICERS IN FORTY HOURS AFTER THE CRIME, NEWARK, N. J.



SAM BREWER,

THE LEGLESS AND ONE-ARMED COWBOY WHO MAKES THINGS HOT AROUND FORT SMITH, ARK., FOR THE BOYS.



GEORGE JEKEL,

THE JEALOUS LOVER OF BETTIE ALDRICH WHO KILLED HER IN A FOOLISH MOMENT AT JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.



BROILED HAMS.

A BIG FIRE IN THE ALCAZAR THEATRE, HURLEY, WIS., WIPES OUT ELEVEN VA-RIETY PERFORMERS OF BOTH SEXES.



GORE-STAINED GIPSIES.

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA, IS THE SCENE OF A MURDEROUS TRAGEDY IN WHICH A ROMMANY AND HIS WIFE BOTH PERISH.



JOSEPH QUINN,

THE POPULAR YOUNG AMATEUR CHAMPION ATHLETE KILLED BY DAN LIONE, A CROOK, IN THIS CITY RECENTLY.



BETTIE ALDRICH,

SHOT DEAD BY HER LOVER GEORGE JEKEL IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY IN HER FATHER'S HOUSE, JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.



JAMES M. WEBB,

LYNCHED NEAR KOSCIUSKO, MISS., FOR POISONING HIS WIFE MARY NEAR NEWPORT, MISS.

CRIM. CLERIC.

The Ill-Behavior of Parsons,
Dominies and Preachers
All Over America.

A LONG LIST.

The Various Crimes, Felonies and Mis-
demeanors of Which Gospel Sharps-
Have Recently Been Convicted.

CREDITS TO THE CLOTH.

A MINISTER'S TEMPER.

The Rev. George Pittard is pastor of the North Fork Methodist church, Reidsville, N. C. He is popular with a large congregation, and teacher in a boys' school during the week. As he was crossing the lawn a few days ago, during recess, the boys were playing baseball, and a ball thrown by the centre-



HIS TEMPER CAUSES HIM TO COMMIT MURDER.

fielder struck Mr. Pittard in the face, bruising him severely. The boy at once ran forward, begged pardon and said the occurrence was entirely accidental. The minister, infuriated by the pain, knocked the boy down, stamped on him and dragged him about until the boys united and drove the preacher away. The lad, who was in a terrible condition, was tenderly carried to the dormitory by his fellow-students. The minister called to the boys later and upbraided them for not dragging their schoolmate from him sooner, and said he had no idea what he was doing—that his temper for the time crazed him. The boy has just died, and Mr. Pittard has fled.

PASTOR ROBERTS' ACCUSER.

A correspondent at Scranton, Pa., July 2, says: Rev. Peter Roberts, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church of this city, was arrested this evening at the instance of Anna Huusboe. She says that in 1886 she was employed as a servant by a family in New Haven, Conn. There she met Roberts, who was studying at the Yale Theological Seminary. Their intimacy continued until it became necessary that Roberts should marry her to save her from disgrace.

Roberts left for his home in Wales and Anna followed him and instituted proceedings against him. They were abandoned when Roberts told her that he would come back to this country and marry her as soon as he was ordained. He became pastor of the Plymouth Church here soon after his return, and she came to Scranton and again importuned Roberts to marry her, but he put her off by picturing the disgrace that would befall them on account of her condition.

Afterwards, she says, he made an effort to settle the case, but she would not listen to the overtures and has brought a criminal suit against him. The complainant, who is thirty-seven years old, was at one time a servant in the family of Ole Bull. The defendant is thirty-five years old.

HE IMPLICATED THE PREACHER.

Charles Colee was brought to Shelbyville, Ind., from the south part of the county June 19, and lodged in jail charged with burning the Bethel Baptist Church, some ten miles southeast of this city. He acknowledges his guilt, and makes a sensational charge against Rev. Wm. Snapp, pastor of Bethel Church, which he backed up with an affidavit charging Snapp with offering him (Colee) \$50 to burn the church. The preacher had not been brought in at 9 o'clock to night, but he probably will be before morning. The church was set on fire about 7 o'clock last night, and the light attracted a number of persons, among them William Reed, a prominent farmer, who, on arriving at the church, saw a trail leading off through an adjacent wheat field, and, concluding that it had been made by the incendiary, followed it, and on going about 100 yards found

Colee lying down in the field. Colee at once surrendered, saying: "I am the man that burned your damned old church." He was taken at once before Squire Thompson, at Waldron, eight miles east of here (the nearest Justice, William Thorborg, being related to him), and to Squire Thompson Colee repeated his confession, and declared that Rev. Snapp had offered him \$50 to do the deed.

Colee says Friday preceding the second Saturday in last December, fixing the date by the fact that it was time for the monthly meeting of the church to which he then belonged, he was at Rev. Snapp's house, and that the preacher took him out in the barn lot and told

John R. Hornbaker, who is the principal prosecutor, refused to present his testimony on the ground that he had already sent the papers to the secretary of the Washington Presbytery. A report was circulated that the court of inquiry meant a whitewash for Rev. Mr. Todd, but the resolution adopted dispelled this idea. The most important witness in the matter—the woman—has not been found, nor does it appear that she is known. Rev. Mr. Todd's only accuser will be the colored man Turner.

A CLERGYMAN WHO IS ACCUSED OF THEFT.
Rev. C. C. Frost, formerly Pastor of the Baptist



THEY FIND COLEE HIDING IN THE WHEAT FIELD AFTER ACCOMPLISHING HIS FIFTY-DOLLAR JOB.

him that he had been having a great deal of trouble in the church, and that it ought to be burned down, and said that he would give him (Colee) \$50 to burn it. Colee says he agreed to do it, and that this was the only conversation he had with Snapp on the subject. The trouble referred to by Rev. Snapp, Colee says, arose over charges of misconduct preferred against Rev. Snapp by members of his congregation, with a Miss Jones which resulted in several ineffectual church trials, in which two factions were formed and innumerable criminal prosecutions resulted for disturbances raised at meetings held in the church by members of the different factions. Rev. Snapp and the young lady bitterly denied the charges brought against them, and the case was never finally adjudicated.

Rev. Snapp is a man of middle age, married, and has four children. Colee is single, and twenty-six years of age, and is a son of John W. Colee, who was sent to the "pen" for a long term several years ago for incest. The church burned was a frame forty by thirty feet, and was uninsured. The case promises to develop some of the most sensational matters ever brought to light in Indiana, hints of which are vaguely given and more promised. Colee was bound over to Court in \$1,000 bonds, failing to give which he was locked up.

PARNON TODD'S CASE.

Manassas, Va., is being much torn up over the scandal alleged against the Rev. Mr. Todd of that place. He has been pastor of the Presbyterian church there for a number of years. Late charges were preferred against him, on the affidavit of Robert Turner, colored, who claimed that he saw Rev. Mr. Todd and a lady in

Church of Butte, Mont., and also treasurer of the Hope Mining Company, is accused of being a defaulter of several thousand dollars. He is also charged with obtaining \$2,000 from a bank by false representations. Frost left some time ago for a week's visit to his wife's family at Norwich, Conn. Members of his congregation have telegraphed at his old home to refute all charges, but, so far, no answer has been received from him.

A MINISTER ELOPES.

From La Porte, Ind., July 1, comes a special: A well-authenticated report reached here to-day that Rev. William West, pastor of the Methodist church at Chesterton, a small place west of here, has eloped with his hired girl, deserting a wife and six children. It is also stated that the financial affairs of the church are in a deplorable state, and not a scrap of paper has been left to show how matters stand. Numerous church debts are left unpaid, and money collected for church purposes is missing. It is thought the misappropriation of church funds will reach above \$300. Besides, West is deeply in debt to the merchants of Chesterton, but just how much is not known. It is believed the guilty pair have gone to Detroit.

A BISHOP ACCUSES HIS PRIESTS.

Bishop Hogan of the Roman Catholic diocese of Missouri, recently suspended Father Hynes of Pierce City, Mo. Later, a business concern at Kansas City sued Father Hynes for \$130 for school furniture. Father Hynes said the furniture was in use in the school at Pierce City, but he, being suspended, had nothing to do with it.



THE OLD DARKEY CAUGHT HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS. CONSTERNATION OF THE PARSON.

very questionable circumstances in the woods near the Nokesville church. Rev. Mr. Todd denied the accusation, and stated that the charge was due to a man whom he had disciplined in the church. When the story became known the people divided into Toddites and anti-Toddites. As a result of the talk afloat, Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland, of Washington, D. C., went to Manassas, and as moderator of the court of inquiry undertook to begin an investigation of the matter, for the benefit of the Washington Presbytery. Nothing was done, except to adopt a resolution that Rev. Mr. Todd be tried by the presbytery at its next session. Rev. Mr. Todd assented to an immediate trial. Mr.

ing to do with it. The suit necessitated the taking of depositions at Kansas City, and one of the witnesses examined was Bishop Hogan. A letter was handed to the Bishop, which he admitted he had written to Mr. Lysaght at Pierce City. In this letter, after speaking of the faults of the clergy, particularly as regards the use of liquor, he said:

I did not know then, as by bitter experience I now know, that priests ordained for and belonging to a diocese do not leave it but through compulsion or expulsion, especially when the change is from a rich to a poor diocese. Such expelled priests are a happy ride to the Bishops they have grieved and the

parishes they have scandalized, but they are a withering curse to the Bishops and parishes compelled to have their services. It is true no Bishop receives a priest from another diocese without a recommendation from his former Bishop, but the former Bishops are generally heartless from scandals, vexations and troubles, and have no objection whatever to have trouble removed from their own doors. In their charity also for erring priests, in their recommendations of them they give them honorable mention for every good quality they have—and the worst men generally have some good qualities; but they never mention their faults, hoping that priests, when they go to a new place and get another opportunity to do good, will avoid the faults that brought them into trouble before.

But, alas, human nature is very weak, and when temptations come again they are yielded to, and thus it is that, in trying to pardon and lift up erring men, we have only got them into deeper disgrace and given them opportunity to disgrace themselves more and more, and to carry and spread disgrace from diocese to diocese and from parish to parish. In this way priests have been known to go from Ireland to England, and thence to Australia, through the United States, from one diocese to another, pardoned by one Bishop, exhorted by another, to no purpose but to spread quarrels, contentions and scandals through the Church of our blessed Redeemer. I will give you some examples.

The letter then gives examples, naming nearly thirty priests, giving the date of their reception into his diocese, and telling how they got drunk, got into street fights, got into houses of ill fame, got into jail—in fact, got into trouble of all kinds, disgracing themselves and the church in all imaginable ways. In each case names, dates, and full details are given. All of this leads up to a series of rules he says he has formulated for himself, and these rules are set forth at length in the letter.

He will not receive a priest from another diocese without a complete and full investigation as to why the change is sought, and he will not let a priest leave his jurisdiction without fully acquainting all concerned with his reasons for leaving. He also says he will or he will not do a great many things that are done by all Bishops.

Father Hynes seems to have schemed to bring out this letter, and now he says on the strength of it he will force the bishop to resign or he will carry the case to Rome, as any number of rules of Church discipline are smashed to flinders by the letter.

THIS TIME AN ENGLISH PREACHER.

John Teberry is an Englishman about 35 years of age, says an El Paso dispatch. He has resided here for some years. He is a butcher by vocation, and also a preacher.



PARNON TEBERRY TAKES FRENCH LEAVE.

He used to own a butcher-shop in El Paso, but recently located in Paso del Norte, across the river. He has been buying cattle and borrowing money with equal energy, stopping at intervals to preach a little and help snatch a few more brands from the burning. Among other exploits, he bought a large body of land from a firm here on credit, and at once sold it for cash to another firm at one cent reduction from the price he paid; he owes one firm here \$2,200, and his other debts will bring the total up to \$5,000 or \$6,000. Yesterday a creditor became suspicious that Teberry was going to decamp. Inquiry developed the fact that he started off on one train, got off a mile from the city, took a horse, and rode down the valley to take a train on another road. An employee of one of his creditors boarded the train Teberry was expected to take, and, sure enough, the parson bobbed up at a station twenty miles from El Paso. He was forced to leave the train and was placed in custody, and to-day a deputy sheriff went after him.

A crowd of Mexicans from whom Teberry had bought cattle have been over here to-day looking for him. He had drawn and placed several checks on imaginary bank accounts, and sold his team to sundry persons, and otherwise exhibited a talent for shrewd and systematic swindling. Teberry is a preacher of great eloquence and power. He has been a pillar in the southern Methodist church here, and has bamboozled the community most effectively. His pretty wife left for England two months ago.

A LOCAL METHODIST PREACHER IN PHILADELPHIA CHARGED WITH MALPRACTICE.

At Philadelphia June 26 the Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Miller, a local Methodist preacher, was arrested on the charge of performing a criminal operation on Mrs. Sarah Ellen Robinson, 22 years old, living at 2,618 Fairhill street. Mrs. Robinson has been sick for several days, and has been attended by Dr. Miller. Her friends became alarmed at her condition and called in another doctor, who found she was suffering from peritonitis, and she finally confessed to him that Dr. Miller had performed an operation upon her. Miller was then arrested and taken before the woman, and she fully identified him. Her condition is critical, and her ante-mortem statement was taken, in which she charges Miller with the crime.

The prisoner has figured in several similar cases before, but has always escaped conviction. He gained considerable notoriety about six years ago as Dean of the bogus medical college run by Dr. Buchanan, but did not share the conviction and imprisonment of the principal of the concern. At that time he was tried by the Methodist Conference and his license as a preacher was revoked, but he has since been acting in an itinerant capacity in the Church.

LOW LIFE.

Scenes and Incidents in Little Italy, Alias "The Bend," on Mulberry Street.

IN DAGO-TOWN.

How the Subjects of Il Re Umberto Poison the Air of New York.

INCREDIBLE SIGHTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On another page we illustrate life as it goes in the quarter of New York known as Dago Town, or Little Italy, in which reside immigrants from the domains of King Humbert, of Rome.

"Mulberry Bend," or "Little Italy," as it is often-times called, is not a pleasant neighborhood by day. The street swings in a dirty curve southwest from Park row, changes at every foot from its original direction, and finally runs parallel with Broadway directly toward the north. Tenement houses of all styles and sizes, and all reeking with filth, wall it in upon both sides; six storied "dumb bells," alive with vermin, both human and insect; three story man traps, ready to fall and crush their numberless inmates; ancient one story stables that have been converted into cheap stores on the ground floor, and hideous dives in the cellar. A swarming population. Swarthy, low browed Italians, whose coats and trousers always bulge out over where a knife or a revolver is usually carried; black eyed, buxom, full breasted women, who sit on doorsteps and curbstones unconcernedly nursing their babes and earning a microscopic livelihood by retailing stale bread at two and three cents a loaf; Jew peddlars, vicious and vociferous, who sell spoiled fish, tainted meats and decaying vegetables from rickety wagons drawn by skeleton horses; multitudes of children, that seem to spring up from the ground without warning and disappear in the same way as suddenly; drunkards, thieves and lost women of every nationality, and here and there blue-coated policemen, who, with club firmly grasped and revolver ever ready for use, await the stiletto or the slung-shot that is invariably bound to come. The sunlight and fresh air have a hard job in reaching the pavements. The high walls and narrow thoroughfare keep enough darkness in custody to last through the day. Dead animals and garbage pave the street, and filth frescoes the walls. Every door, window and alleyway is a huge sewer, from which pour invisible rivers of foul gases, pestilential vapors and the germs of every disease.

At night Mulberry Bend is an inferno more terrible than Dante's. The crowds are there as by day, but now more drunken, noisy and profane.

Summon up your courage and enter one of these human beehives. No. 35, or Pasquale's, as it is known to fame and the police, is a fair type of all. It is a huge four story and basement brick tenement with a narrow winding stair to reach the first floor, and narrow precipitous stone steps to enter the basement. A group of drunken men and women block both stairs and stone steps. You break through the crowd, plunge down the steps and enter the dark, narrow hall. It is a scant two feet in width, but on the floor lie human bodies in the last stages of intoxication. In the front and rear part of the hall two doors open on either side into small apartment of two rooms. The larger is about fifteen feet long and ten wide; the smaller about ten by six.

The furniture is very simple. In the center a small castiron stove that is red hot, a small lamp on the wall and a board bench around the room make up the entire equipment. In this room are forty human beings, chiefly women. They fill up the bench, lie on the floor, lean against the wall and each other. Some are deep in drunken sleep, others are undergoing the pangs of delirium tremens, and others again are gloating over stories of iniquity or planning new crimes for the morrow. A woman strips herself to her last garment before all present, rolls her clothes up into a ball and sends them by a trusted pal to the pawnbroker's across the street. In a few minutes the pal has returned with a half dollar. The money is rapidly converted into liquor, and ere another half hour has passed the twain are sodden in alcohol and slumber, while a thirsty room-mate searches the pal for change or steals her shawl and boots to use as collateral in turn. Of the forty present twenty-five are women. Their ages run from sixteen to sixty. One is a negress, one a mulatto, two Germans, one Hungarian, two English, eleven Irish and seven Italian. Three are almost nude, five are half naked and the rest are covered with a variegated robe of rage, filth and vermin. As for the men, they are a trifle better than the women. Wrecks of disease and rum, recent discharged from hospitals, workhouses and jails; tramps from all over the world, professional beggars, unlucky thieves, lazzaroni, assassins and men wanted by the police make up the motley herd.

There is a population of 6,000 in Mulberry Bend, of which 4,000 are the habitues of the dives. In December, 1886, Police Captain McCullough, one of the best of the New York officials, made repeated raids upon the Bend and captured 2,000 inmates, of whom most were sent to the institutions on Blackwell's Island. Yet their places were filled the next day just as if nothing had

ever happened. Were these wrecks of humanity capable of organization, Mulberry Bend and its sister purgatories of the Fourth and Sixth wards could at any hour of the day or night send out an army of 30,000 lost souls—six times as many as the famous tattered demobilized who danced the dance of death in the early days of the French Terror. How do they live? Very well, from their standpoint. A loaf of moldy bread costs two cents in the Bend, and is enough for four. A plate of leavings from the waste barrel of some hotel or restaurant costs three cents, and is enough for three. At times the Rev. Mr. Kimball and other well-meaning but foolish ministers send baskets of sound, wholesome food; the basement restaurants sell a quart of coffee and two rolls for three cents, and meat, with vegetables thrown in, for five. Lodging, fuel, washing, light and clothing cost nothing! Five cents keeps one of them in ease; ten cents in luxury, and they can live comfortably on three. All over and above these figures goes for tobacco, and especially for rum. The drinks of Mulberry Bend are few, simple and cheap. Ordinary beer is luxury to its human vermin. They prefer the drainings of beer kegs and ale barrels, sour beer and stale, spoiled ale and flat. Whiskey, gin and rum are equally popular. These are not the substances known under those names, but are merely raw spirits flavored with strong essences and fusel oil, and colored with burned sugar. They cost \$1.10 a gallon, or twenty-five cents a bottle. They are retailed at two, three and five cents a drink, according to the size of the glass. A tramp in average luck collects fifty cents a day. This gives him two meals, a paper of chewing tobacco, a pipe and a smoke, and ten good drinks. What more could a tramp desire? If he gets drunk before his money is all spent, his friends and roommates relieve him of all his surplus—and sometimes of his hat, coat, vest and shoes.

The proprietor fares well. He leases a basement for \$30 a month from some Murray Hill magnate. His coal and light cost \$8 a month more. He pays for no repairs or taxes, and has no servants. He receives fifty cents a day for the use of each of the four little rooms mentioned, or \$20 a month in all, and clears about \$200 a month upon the liquors he retails to his pauper guests. His living expenses seldom exceed \$3 a week. Nearly every "boss" in Mulberry Bend has a neat bank account, and a few may be accounted well-to-do. Some, it is whispered, profit by the robberies, assaults, attempts at murder and assassinations that occur in their premises. No. 35 is merely one of the many dens that make up Mulberry Bend. Its four apartments of two rooms each appear and reappear elsewhere. Behind it, as behind all the rest, is a second row of buildings, rotten with age, neglect and filth. These are likewise owned by the wealthy classes leased at high prices, "with no questions asked." Between the two rows of buildings are court yards and alleys, which are filled with decaying garbage and offal, crowded by day with women and romping children, and crowded by night with sleeping humanity. As the visitor becomes accustomed to the smoky light of these rooms and houses he is startled at their condition. The floors have been here and there worn through or have been attacked by dry rot and wet rot until they are perforated like a sieve. The rain on the roof drops from floor to floor and forms pools in wet weather in every room around the bodies of the sleepers. Mildew, mold and strange fungoid growths are on every hand. The walls and ceilings are cracked and full of apertures. Here a yard of plaster has fallen off, baring the lath and joists; there a long cavity allows the eye to see every inch of some adjoining room. Vermin are everywhere—in legions upon the benches, in myriads upon the denizens and millions upon the walls. And the atmosphere of these dives! The carbonic acid and oxide from the red-hot stoves, the smoke and smell of the lamps, the breaths and physical emanations of the inmates, the awful odor of the stale beer and fiery liquors, the stench of decaying animal and vegetable matter, the reek of mold and rot, the army of bacterial life! It is no exaggeration to say that you can see this vaporous horror. It is a bluish gray mist, a corpse-colored cloud through which the lamps glimmer and wink, surrounded by colored aurioles, and through which the faces and forms of the wretches gloom and quiver more like lost ghosts than physical realities.

BROILED HAMS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A special from Hurley, Wis., July 10, says: A fire started on the stage of the Alcazar theatre at 8 o'clock last night, and within an hour the entire business part of the town was in flames, while eleven persons had perished in the theatre. The charred remains of nine people have been taken from the ruins. The loss is fully \$500,000. The Alcazar was a variety theatre, chiefly frequented by miners, and was one of the resorts of unsavory reputations, associated with the notorious dance houses of the mining regions. Only a small audience had gathered when the fire broke out, and they scrambled out in a hurry. Several of the actors, however, rushed up stairs to save their robes, and when they sought to escape found that they were hemmed in on all sides, the flames having spread through the wooden building with incredible rapidity.

How they struggled to escape will never be known, as none of them except Sadie Wells and Mabel Powers were seen again. The former appeared at a second story window and called pitifully on the crowd outside to save her. Before a hand could be raised the flames reached her and communicated to her clothing. She made a frantic effort to jump through the window, then with a piercing shriek fell into the furnace below. Mabel Powers had reached a third story window. She jumped, and was so badly injured that her recovery is doubtful. Among those who perished in the theatre were:

Frank Young, Sadie McCabe, and — Jackson, colored comedians; Tillie Moore, song-and-dance artist; Mabel Goodrich and husband, Sadie Wells, Mrs. Fenton, and two or three others whose names are not known.

A TERRIBLE MINE EXPLOSION.

A special from Marquette July 7 says: A terrible mine explosion occurred this evening in the Sturgeon river mine at Metropolitan. A number of miners had just got a blast ready when water rushed into the mine so fast that many could not escape. Eight Italians are known to be in the mine and are surely dead. It will be impossible to recover the bodies before morning, although work will be kept up all night. The names of the victims cannot be learned.

A VICTIM OF JUDGE LYNCH.

Oscar M. Kelly, who shot and killed his wife at McCoy, Polk county, Oregon, about six weeks ago, was taken from jail at Dallas at 2 A. M., July 7, by a mob and hanged. On first hearing the mob Kelly broke his lamp and cut his neck, wrists and ankles, and was rapidly bleeding to death when seized.

PARIS UNVEILED.

Still More About the Growing Tribe of Chloroformists.

A CHICAGO GANG.

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CHAPTER VIII.

CHLOROFORMISTS AND SHOPLIERS.

"Mr. Williamson, the Chief of Police of public security in London, arrived in Paris the other day in search of very dangerous Dutch criminal, who was interrupted in the very act of committing a robbery in a hotel close by Charing Cross railroad station.

"When the victim was first seen, laid out on a bed, pale and motionless, she was taken for dead. She was, however, merely in a heavily drugged slumber.

"The thief in getting out of the window, had been so pressed that he had left his hat behind him, in the crown of which he had fixed with a light elastic loop a small flask or phial of black glass, which had contained chloroform.

"Between the bed and the table Mr. Williamson picked up a sponge, shaped something like a mushroom, in the hollow of which lingered the characteristic etherial vapor of chloroform.

"It came out in our inquiries that the robber's sister had been once employed in the English hotel, and that she was, afterwards, a servant in that in which my cousin was drugged in Paris.

"Unfortunately we could find no clue to the whereabouts of either of them.

"I had occasion once to converse with a forger, who was in a prison hospital, and who was acquainted with some very well-known chloroformists.

"The first question he asked me was, 'Did they leave your cousin any money and jewelry?' When I replied in the affirmative, he said, 'Just so. That's their regular way of doing business. Regular habits are fatal blunders on the part of crooks.'

"Chloroformists are artists out and out. I have seen them at work and known them intimately for fifteen years and I have never known one to get pinched."

"Aren't you exaggerating?" I said.

"Not a bit," he responded, and he told me the following:

"When I lived in Chicago there was a good deal of talk about a gang of chloroformists, who held an annual meeting at which new sets of grips and pass words and other signals were decided upon. The emblem of the gang was a trinket, a ring, a breastpin, the handle of a cane or of an umbrella—something easy to show and see. Correspondence between the members of the gang was always signed by three initials and double numbers—for instance: B. K. V.—19.22."

"The chloroformists conceal with the greatest care everything likely to betray their identity or their occupation. The moment they are arrested they bend every energy to destroy the tell-tale phial of chloroform which they carry.

"The principal French cities in which they carry on business are Havre, Dunkerque, Rouen, Bordeaux and Marseilles.

"It is an unpromising sign that women of the town have taken to practising the chloroform racket. The other day two prostitutes were taken dead to rights committing a robbery in the Hotel Splendide. On both of them were found small phials of black glass full of chloroform.

"They were passing for two young sisters just arrived from the country to stop over night in Paris.

"The black glass phials proved that they were in intimate relation with persons having special acquaintance with drugs and the handling of them. Women, as a rule, do not know without being told that air and light have a damaging influence on chloroform.

"The use of narcotic poisons has a most confusing effect on all judicial magistrates. In the first place, the victim does not know whether he has been in a natural or a drugged sleep. The idea does not occur to him, and instead of being closely questioned by judges with a proper theory, many an important clew is allowed to go by default.

"In case of a death from narcotic poisoning caused by a chloroformist, if it has taken place at a hotel, there is very naturally a strong desire on the part of all concerned to gloss the affair over. An autopsy is scarcely ever made. If it were made some very curious disclosures might ensue.

"The tribe of thieves and assassins does not diminish. On the contrary, it is always increasing and constantly multiplying its various methods of doing business.

"Robberies with violence and commonplace burglaries will, in due time, disappear, and a more highly cultivated and skillful school of scoundrels is fast being spread over the world at large.

"For instance, it is only recently that murders and thefts of moving railroad trains have become common.

"They used to be quite rare.

"To be robbed or murdered while traveling used to be regarded as a fantastic and romantic thing, barely possible, whereas, in our day, both crimes are frequently committed."

"The great shops of Paris, some thirty in number, are always well patronized by high and low crooks. These immense places, built and conducted like markets, are so many ant-hills, swarming with clerks and customers. They are constantly robbed by the staff of employees and by the people who come there pretending to do some shopping. Once a month there is a bargain sale in most of them, which are densely thronged by women, idlers and the silly, mentally infirm creatures who are in search of amorous intrigues. These crowds afford excellent opportunities to the industrious army of thieves.

"In the case of shoplifters, a woman penetrating to the centre of one of these vast establishments is immediately surrounded by every variety of temptation and seduction. A dangerous influence permeates and controls her. If she hesitates, she is, indeed, lost. It is not only her pocketbook which is imperiled. Too often her character and the fair fame of her family are at stake.

"On every ground I object to the immense bazaar of the present day. They confront the weaker sex with every form of seduction, temptation and corruption. Vastly to be preferred were the modest shops of ancient days where women sought what they really wanted,

and were not cajoled into acquiring, no matter how, what they actually did not need.

"It is an ominous and most significant fact that during the past five years no less than one hundred and fifty robberies have occurred every day in the thirty principal stores of Paris. That makes a daily average of five robberies in each store, and as only the gravest and most serious are reported, you can form an idea of the tremendous dishonesty rife in these mammoth establishments.

"It has been proved by official research that the detective police and the special officers employed by the stores only discover one-fourth of the depredations committed in them.

"In order to avoid all danger of false imprisonment, an arrest is only made when the prisoner has been seen to commit two robberies running. The detective police operate only on the sidewalks and the edges of the crowd. Within the building, the special officers, who are usually retired policemen, have exclusive charge.

"When a regular detective makes an arrest he has to conduct his prisoner immediately before a commissioner of police. When the capture is made by one of the special officers of the establishment, he rings an electric bell, which at once convenes the directorate of the store, before whom the prisoner is brought.

"The directorate acts upon the case without any delay or hesitation. If the prisoner confesses the theft, proves her identity and signs an obligation to indemnify the administration of the store, she is searched both personally and as to her residence without recourse being had to the regular police.

"When her house is searched, all new goods are pitilessly confiscated.

"Then the culprit is compelled to pay over a certain sum of money, which is determined by her wealth and social condition, to a fund devoted to the poor. This fine ranges from 100 to 10,000 francs.

"On the other hand, if the culprit makes no confession and persists in denying the charge, she is handed over to the regular police.

"The number of persons afflicted with kleptomania is beyond all belief. Put down those who reside in the department of the Seine alone at 100,000 and you will considerably fall short of the truth. Every class is represented.

"In the case of women, impunity gives them assurance. For every single thief who steals under the stress of necessity, you will find a hundred who suffer no need whatever. We arrest one workingwoman for every hundred society ladies, and, in almost every instance, we arrest the workingwoman at Christmas time for stealing some little toy for her baby. It is true, of course, that the workingwoman has less time to be dishonest, and has fewer temptations. Servants out of place commit numerous thefts. But where we arrest ten domestics, we capture a hundred governesses, who, curiously enough, are especially addicted to stealing gloves.

"You would be trifled to see the records of the Grand Bazaar, in which are carefully registered the names and addresses of women of good family and high social standing who have been compelled to tearfully enroll their confessions among those of prostitutes and professional shoplifters! In the case of the latter, the records include a photograph of the thief.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CRUELTY TO CONVICTS.

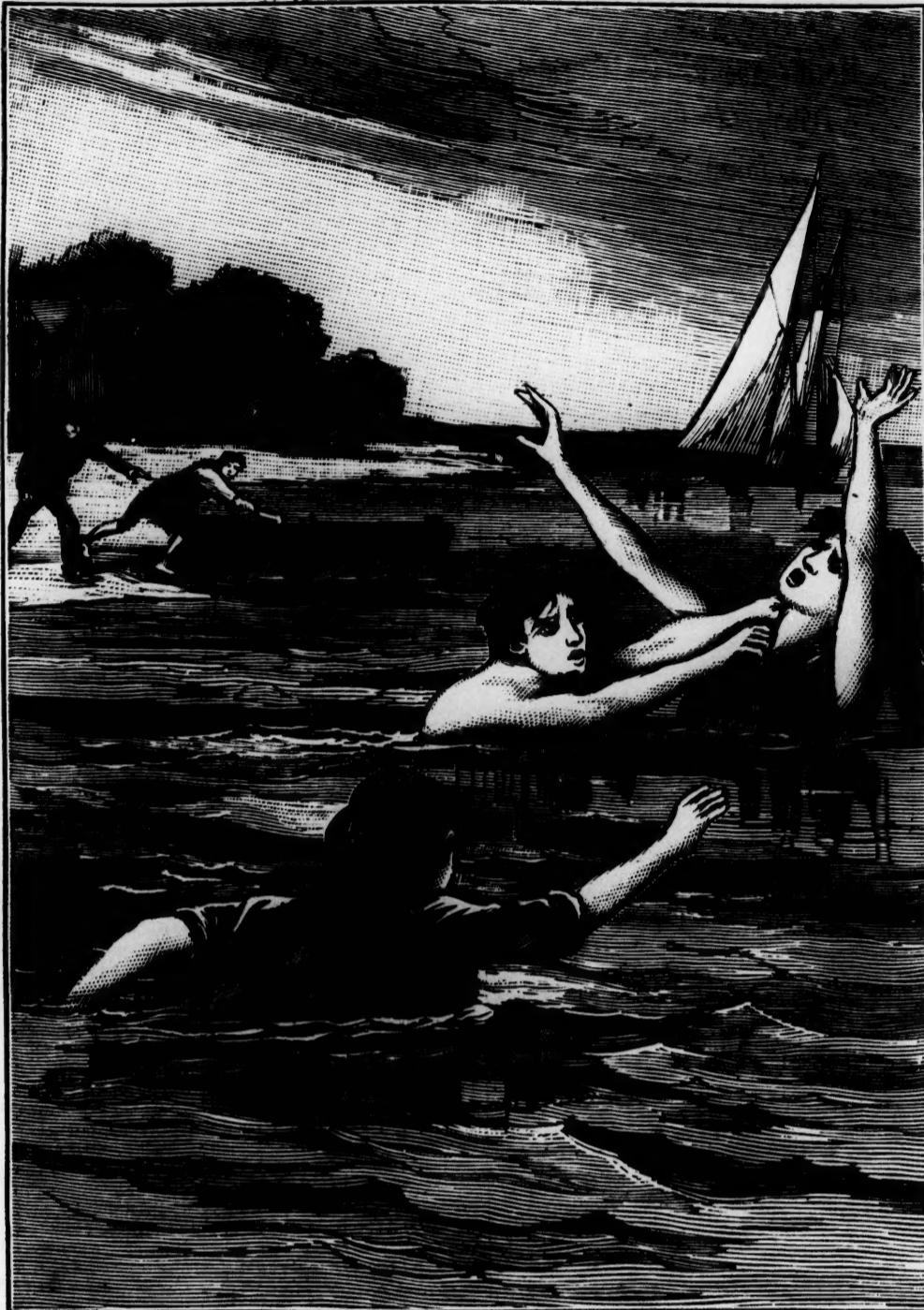
A special from Atlanta, Ga., July 8, says: The convict question in Georgia is again to the fore, and sensational developments are to be expected at any moment. General opinion is that the lease system will be abolished and the convicts all put to work on the public roads. Some of the convicts have been inhumanely treated, and one man who lost his shoes was made to walk barefoot over hot brick and was afterward beaten with a leather trace strap because he complained of the keeper's cruelty. In one instance convicts were frozen so badly that some of them died and others lost the use of their limbs. Badly cooked rations, spoiled meat, unclean and horribly ventilated quarters made the death rate alarmingly high. At one time thirty deaths were by no means uncommon. A complaint was followed by additionally cruel treatment. These facts are gleaned from the reports made by physicians and from statements made by discharged convicts. Gov. Gordon is highly commended for the attitude he has taken in this matter. In the meantime a duel between ex-Gov. Smith and Dr. Westmoreland is likely to come off at any time, and when it does they will be expected to fight to the death, as both are men of great determination.

RIDDLE BY BUCK-SHOT.

A special from Topeka, Kansas, says: Some time ago a dispute arose between Wearer J. Carman, a resident of Harper county, and two neighbors named Woodruff. The latter contested Carman's claim to land near Meade Center on the ground that he had broken a fractional part of an acre less than the law required to make his title clear. The Courts sustained Carman, and he returned to his farm and continued the care of his crops. The other day the Woodruffs tried to drive him from his corn patch and he refused to go. Old man Woodruff thereupon took aim at him with a shotgun, but before he pulled the trigger Carman knocked the muzzle up, the charge tearing away part of his scalp. In the fight that ensued Carman worsted the old man, and young Woodruff came to the rescue, firing two loads of slugs into Carman's body from a double barreled shotgun, inflicting wounds from which Carman died. The assailants were arrested.

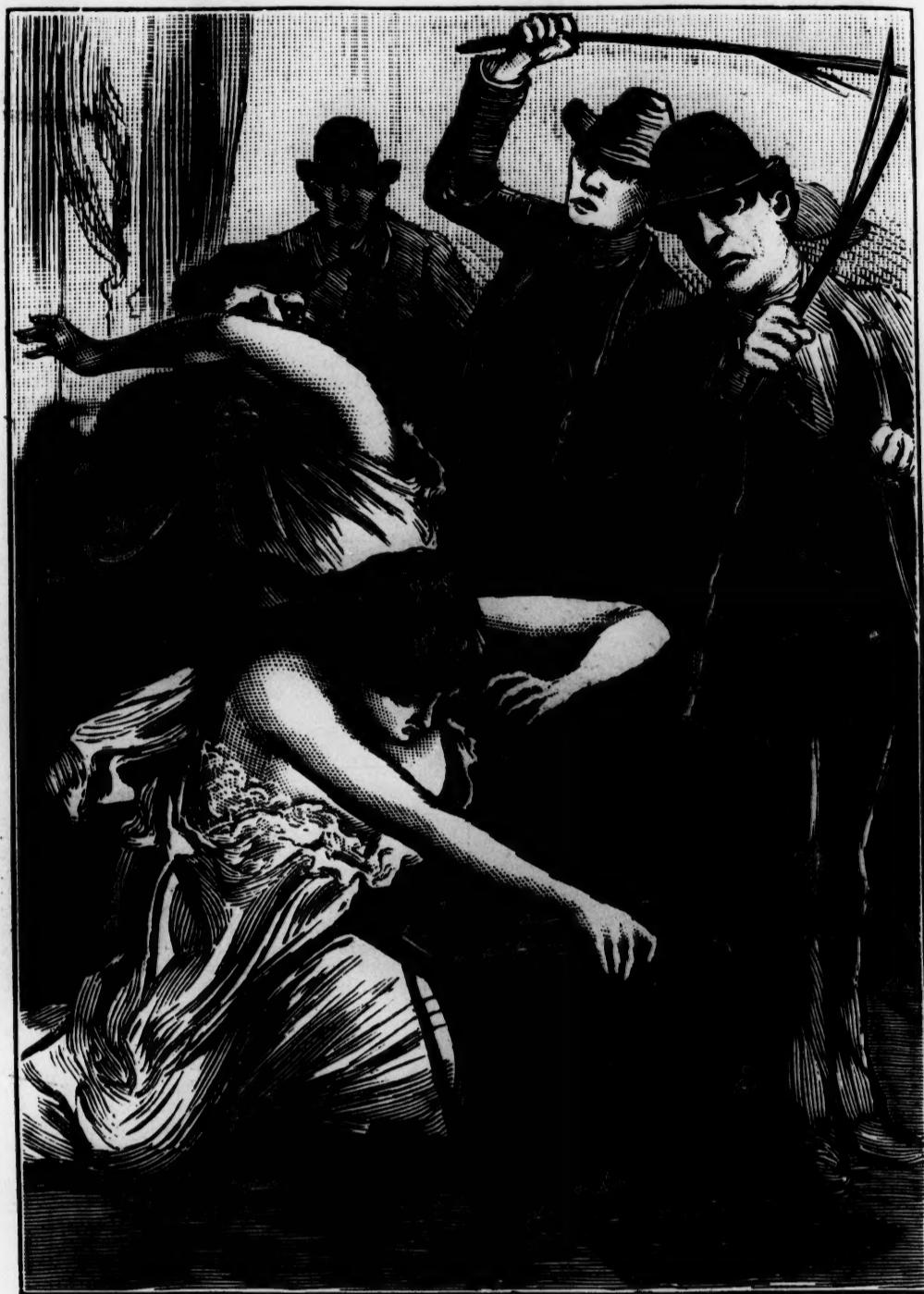
IT DEPIED THE LIGHTNING.

A special from Middletown, N. Y



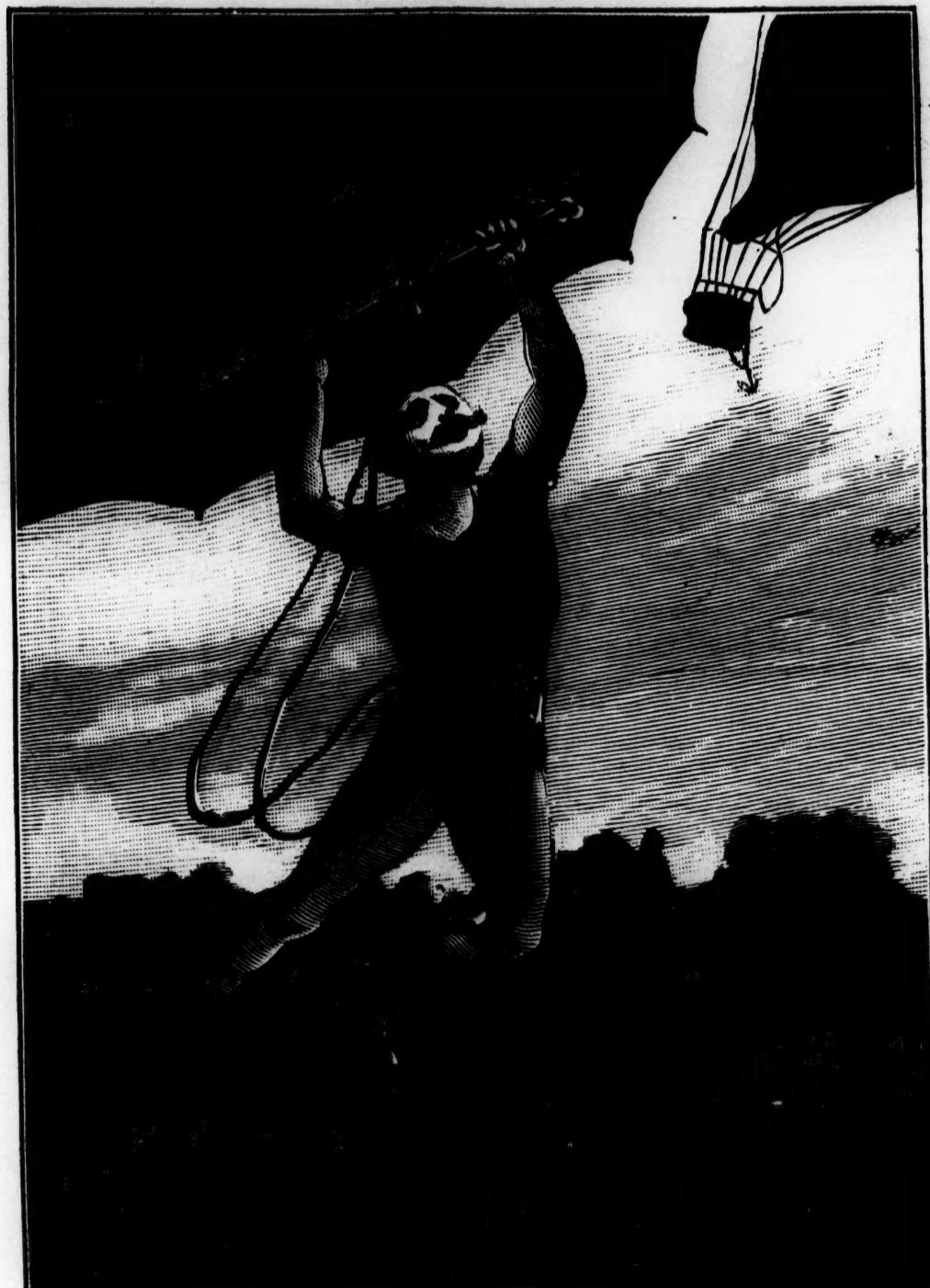
PLUCKY YOUNGSTERS.

HARRY AND MINNIE LAW GALLANTLY SAVE THE LIFE OF MISS JENNIE PITOU
AT BATH BEACH, L. I.



WORSE THAN BALD-KNOBBERS.

A LOT OF OHIO BRUTES WHO CALL THEMSELVES THE KNIGHTS OF THE SWITCH
PERPETRATE A SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE IN JEFFERSON TOWNSHIP.



HE DROPPED A MILE.

DARING TIM BALDWIN MAKES A LIGHTNING DESCENT TO THE EARTH FROM A
BALLOON IN THE CLOUDS.



SAVED BY HER BUSTLE.

MISS NONI JAQUES HAS A CLOSE CALL WHILE FISHING FOR EELS IN A SWAMP
NEAR MARGETTSVILLE, VIRGINIA.



KILLED HER WITH A HOE.

CRUEL MRS. VIRGINIA ROBINSON OF CHARLESTOWN, W. VA., FIENDISHLY MURDERS
HER LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.



HE WAS A MARRIED MAN.

AND SO HE DID NOT LOOK ON WHILE SHE WENT FOR HER POCKETBOOK. A SHOPPING SCENE IN ST. PAUL, MINN.



HUNG IN EFFIGY.

GOV. GORDON, OF GEORGIA, IS TREATED TO A DOSE OF CHIVALRY BY THE MOB OF DALTON, A POLICE GAZETTE HATING GEORGIA TOWN.



DRUNKEN SEAMANSHIP.

THE SLOOP-YACHT MYSTERY, OVERLOADED WITH THIRTY-SEVEN HELPLESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN, CAPSIZES IN CANARSIE BAY, L. I.,
AND OVER TWENTY-FIVE ARE DROWNED.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Re-sume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

F. Ryan, the well-known life-saver, has opened a sporting house, 29 Main street, Brooklyn, near Water street.

Jack McAuliffe desires, through the "Police Gazette," to return thanks to Larry Kennedy, Jim McKeon, Mike Gleason and Larry Kellin, for courtesies extended him while in Boston.

J. Wallace, of Waltham, and Ed. S. Bartlett, of Montreal, have been matched to fight ten rounds for a purse. Both men are in active training, and the contest may be looked for within a week.

E. L. Deal and Geo. Roberts, of Ferry, Montana, are to make a trip to the Gulf of Mexico by water, using a canoe. They will start from Yellowstone Park on Yellowstone River, and travel entirely by water.

The longest fight on record on the Pacific coast was fought at Astoria, Oregon, June 29, between Tom Ward and John Johnson. The fight was for \$250 a side. They fought 64 rounds, lasting 4 hours 36 minutes, and then the fight was declared a draw.

William Bradburn, the Chicago pugilist, and John Joyce, champion of Ohio, have signed an agreement to fight with hard gloves to a finish for a purse of \$1,000. The mill will take place six weeks from this date within 100 miles of Pittsburgh. The previous match arranged between these boxers was declared off.

Billy Dacey has deposited \$100 with Wm. E. Harding and issued a challenge to fight any light-weight in America, for \$300 to \$500 a side. The first comes first served. Dacey means business and his money says so. Dacey is eager to fight Jack Hopper, and it is a wonder the latter's backer does not match him against Dacey. Hopper won the two battles, and he should not fail to find someone ready to risk \$300 on his chances of conquering Dacey.

The Boston "Sunday Globe," July 3, says: Richard K. Fox, backer of Jake Kilrain, the American champion, sails on the *Aurania* for England to-day, when arrangements will be made for the great international prize fight between Jen Smith, the champion of England, and Jake Kilrain, for \$5,000, of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world. Articles of agreement will be signed in the *Sporting Life* office, London, on Mr. Fox's arrival, for the mill to take place in six months on the continent. No impediment will be placed in the way of arranging a match, and if the English champion agrees to the terms proposed, which are the same as Kilrain agreed to fight Sullivan, for the match will be ratified.

The long talked-of glove contest between Jack Dempsey, the feather-weight champion from California and Chicago, and Frank Nevitt, an amateur aspirant for fistic honors, of Toledo, was decided at Bay Point, on Maumee Bay, just across the Michigan line, some 12 miles from Toledo on July 11. About one hundred sporting men were present, who left this city in a yacht, towed by a tug, at 2 o'clock. The preparations were kept very quiet to avoid police interference. Baypoint was reached just after daybreak and a 24-foot ring constructed, and a short but bloody contest of 3 rounds was fought. The fight began at 6:30 and lasted 15 minutes. The men wore thin gloves with the fingers cut off, and might as well have fought with bare knuckles. The first round was simply sparring, and when "Time!" was called at the end of three minutes, neither man had received a blow. The second round was hotly contested. Nevitt struck Dempsey a stunning blow in the temple breaking his hand. The two men clinched again and again, but were separated. The round ended in Nevitt's receiving a terrible blow in the right side. The third round was the bloodiest of all. Nevitt doing little fighting and acting mainly on the defensive. His nose was broken and his right eye badly battered by Dempsey, and he received a bad cut on the head. The round closed by Dempsey knocking him out of the ring. Nevitt being unable to rise and Dempsey being declared the winner. The match was for \$50 a side and gate money. Nevitt was so badly punished that he became seriously ill and had to take a home in a carriage from the boat. He is 24 years old and weighs 135 pounds.

Sporting circles in this vicinity are excited over the forthcoming match between Johnny Reagan, the well-known boxer who recently fought Johnny Flies, and Tom Henry who has figured in fistic encounters with Jack Dempsey and Jimmy Murray. The men are to battle for \$1,000 a side, and both are preparing for the encounter. Henry has gone into training at Fort Hamilton, and will continue to work in that vicinity until a few days before the mill, about the last week in August. The second deposit has been posted and the final deposit is to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on July 25, when William E. Harding, who represents Richard K. Fox, will select a referee as he did in the Hopper and Cushing and the Flies and Reagan mills. It is more than probable that Frank Stevenson, who filled that position in the Carney and Mitchell battle, Cushing and Hopper and Reagan and Flies battles, will again be called upon to fill the position in the impending battle. Stevenson's decisions and his cool, determined and resolute actions in those encounters prove that he is the official just suited to decide a bona fide fistic encounter. The backers of Reagan and the latter do not want any advantage; all they require is a fair field and no favor. On the other hand, the backer of Henry only wants fair play. They have an idea that Henry properly handed and thoroughly trained, can conquer Reagan, and they are speculating one thousand dollars on the St. Bury boxer's chances, but they would not place any impediment in the way that would hamper Reagan's chances of winning. The men are to battle according to "Police Gazette" rules, which means until one of the contestants is conquered or unable to continue the struggle. Reagan's great battle and victory over the courageous, clever Jack Flies has gained him a host of friends, who will no doubt back him heavily at the ring side. According to the articles of agreement, the men are to battle to catch weights. Henry will probably weigh 141 pounds, and Reagan may be under or slightly over that weight. The coming mill is creating considerable talk in sporting circles, and there is not the least doubt from the confidence of the men's backers that a large amount of money will be wagered on the result, and Reagan will probably be the favorite when he enters the ring.

Billy Dacey of Greenpoint, L. I., being disgusted over bringing off his mill with Jack Hopper, has decided to make some of the many light-weights meet him in the ring of ropes or prove for the benefit of the sporting public, that they are afraid to face him in the arena in a genuine up and up match for the root of all evil. Dacey has a backer with plenty of coin, and judging from his conversation, he is ready to risk it on Dacey's chances of successfully contending in the orthodox 24-foot ring against any of the many boxers of the light-weight division. Dacey does not throw down the gauntlet to any special boxer, but his backer, who is not eager to have his name mentioned, has posted \$100 in Uncle Sam's treasury notes with Richard K. Fox, and issued the following bold challenge to all light-weights. Read it:

NEW YORK, July 11, 1887.

Mr. Richard K. Fox:
DEAR SIR—Having read so much bombastic talk about the fistic abilities of many of the light-weight boxers, I have decided to risk my chances in a prize ring encounter against any of them for \$500 a side. To prove I mean business, my backer, well known in sporting circles, has posted \$100 with you, and agrees to match me against any man in America to contend in a 24-foot ring, either "Police Gazette" or London prize ring rules, for \$500 a side, open for \$1,000 a side. Now if Jimmy Mitchell, Billy Frazier or any light-weight in America is eager to meet me in a fair, stand-up fistic encounter, I will be ready at any time they name to sign articles of agreement at the POLICE GAZETTE office to fight at 133 pounds, four or six weeks from signing articles, with or without gloves, for the stakes named above, Richard K. Fox to be final stake-

holder and select the referee. I do not bar any one first come first served. My backer's money posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office stops all arguments to the effect that I will not make a match. Hoping I will hear from one of the many light-weights at once, I remain yours,

BILLY DACEY.

Every one will allow that when a boxer, wrestler or representative in any branch of sport issues a challenge if it is not accompanied by a good round sum for forfeit it amounts to nothing; but when a challenge is issued and the challenger or his backer put up a forfeit of \$50 or \$100, it proves the earnestness of the challenger. Now, Dacey's backer has deposited \$100 with the POLICE GAZETTE. He has not made any particular light-weight a target to shoot at, but has boldly come out flatfooted and challenged one and all to meet him in the 24-foot ring, within the limit of the weight that governs the light-weight championship. He does not bar even those we consider the three best light-weights in America, Jack McAuliffe, Jimmy Mitchell and Paddy Smith, but says the first come the first served. It is not our place to say whether Dacey can or cannot conquer these plucky representatives of the light-weight division. All we have to say is that Dacey appears anxious and ready to meet them, and his money posted proves it. Many will no doubt smile and have an answer that Dacey is overstepping the mark. That is the Greenpoint boxer's own business, and his backer, from what we have been informed, is willing to speculate on his protege, no matter who picks up the gauntlet Dacey has thrown down, and no matter what the patrons of pugilism and the followers of the ring may say or claim, Dacey's money leaves no room for any arguments that he does not mean business.

At this office, recently, the home-and-home international handball match, for \$2,000 and the championship of the world was arranged between ex-Alderman Phil Casey, of Brooklyn, and John Lawlor, of Dublin, Ireland, the respective champions of the old and the new world. Articles of agreement were received from the Irish champion accompanied by \$250. On the document being received Messrs. James Dunn and Casey were notified, and at 1 P. M. to-day they called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, put up \$250 and signed the document, ratifying the match. The following are the articles:

22 LOWER FLEET STREET,
DUBLIN, June 20, 1887.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this 7th day of May, 1887, between Philip Casey, of Brooklyn, New York, U. S., and John Lawlor, of Dublin, Ireland, whereby the said Philip Casey agrees to play the said John Lawlor a match of hand ball for two hundred pounds a side and the championship of the world, the best of 21 games, 21 sets in each game; that the first 10 games shall be played in Mr. Hogan's racket court, in the city of Cork, Ireland, on Thursday, 4th day of August, 1887, and that the remaining portion of the games be played in the ball court, New York City, U. S., on Tuesday, 22d day of November, 1887; that \$50 (pounds) be deposited in the hands of Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who shall be final stakeholder, on or before the first day of July, 1887, to bind the match, and that the balance of the stake money, \$150 (pounds), be deposited on or before the 26th day of July, 1887, and either parties failing to do so shall forfeit the \$50 (pounds) deposited; that either player failing to play on the days mentioned in this agreement to forfeit the whole stake, namely, \$200 (pounds); but should the court or courts be wet on the days mentioned in this agreement, the men are to play on the first dry day, or if the wet stop game, the match to be continued when the court is dry; that both the judges and referee shall have no money in the match; that the decision of the referee shall be final, and that no appeal to a court of law be recognized; that each player have his choice of balls every second game, the player losing the toss at the commencement of the match to have first choice, the player winning the last game in Ireland to have first hand in New York City; that any ball hopping on the gallery will be foul and shall be played over again; that three consecutive short balls to be a hand out; a line ball to be short; that any ball striking either player be a hinder; should either player stand in his opponent's way intentionally, so as to prevent him from striking the ball, to count as an ace or a hand out against the player so doing; that neither player shall leave the court or courts from the commencement of the first game till the last game is concluded out, but that one minute be allowed after every game to get refreshments, which must be supplied in the court; that any ball touching any part of the body before being struck by the hand to be foul, and will count as an ace or a hand out; that when tossing out the ball it should touch either side wall, floor or tell board, before striking the front wall, to be a hand out against the player doing so; that any ball striking the tell board to be foul and not up; that, if either court should be covered in, any ball striking the roof be foul; that every ball served over the short line count as an ace.

PHILIP CASEY,
JOHN LAWLER,
22 Patrick street, Dublin, Ireland.
Witnesses:

BARNARD MCQUADE,
THOM. BONKISLER,
THOMAS WATTERS,
MICHAEL RYAN.

A reporter called on Richard K. Fox's representative, William E. Harding, recently, for information in regard to the proposed international prize fight between Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, the champion of America, and Jen Smith, of London, England, champion of England, for \$5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, representing the championship of the world. Harding has, in all probability, witnessed more fistic engagements in the ring of ropes than any man in America. He has compiled several books on pugilism, acted as referee at several important battles, and his personal knowledge of the early champions cannot be discounted. He stated that Richard K. Fox had taken a draft for \$4,000 (\$20,000) with him to England, and that his trip across the Atlantic was to be a combination of business and pleasure.

On Mr. Fox's arrival in London he will call on George W. Atkinson, the editor of the *Sporting Life*, London, and in a business-like manner, name a day to meet Jen Smith and his backers, Charley White and John Fleming, to arrange a match. Mr. Fox will open the negotiations for the great fistic event by proposing to match Jake Kilrain against the English champion for \$6,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world, and he will agree to allow Smith \$100 (\$500) expenses to meet Kilrain, the American champion, in the ring in America. It is my opinion that Smith and his backers will refuse to have the battle fought in this country, although Mr. Fox liberally offers to defray his expenses, and yet, I cannot see, on general principles, why they should refuse to come to this country. John C. Heenan, in 1859, bearded the lion in his den, and went to England to fight the English champion, Tom Sayers, and it is an historical fact that Heenan did not receive fair play. It is also true Tom Allen did not receive fair play in his first battle with Mike McCole for the championship, but he made many enemies by his blustering, and the wrangles Allen had in his battles with McCole and Gallagher were mainly due to his manner. If you refer to the champions of the American prize ring you will find it recorded that Allen was, after all, allowed to defeat the American champion, Mike McCole. Allen was the champion of America when he fought Jen Mace, and no one interfered with Mace's chances of winning. Again, when Jen Mace fought Joe Coburn at Bay St. Louis, no one interfered with Mace, and he had every opportunity to win if he had desired or was able to conquer the undefeated ex-champion of America. Why, then, should Smith refuse to come to America? It will not put a stop to the arrangement of the match should Smith refuse to fight in this country, for on his refusal Mr. Fox will agree to toss for the battle ground, and the \$50 American coin that decided whether Paddy Ryan should name the battle ground or John L. Sullivan when the giants were to fight, is in his possession and will be used to toss for the battle ground. It was lucky in the Sullivan and Ryan contest, and should it again be used there is every indication that Richard K. Fox will again win. There will be no hitch in the match either in regard to the amount of stakes to be fought for or the place of fighting. Mr. Fox is eager to bring off the match, and should the English champion agree to any fair terms there will be not even the microscopic shadow of an imaginary obstacle in the way of a final decision whether the championship of the world is to be determined by English or American pluck, skill and muscle. It was the great drawback to the Heenan-Sayers fight that no one commanding authority overlooked or controlled it.

"Police Gazette" Postoffice.—The following letters have been received at this office, which will be mailed on receipt of a postage stamp: John Boylan, James Burns, F. Barnett, Phil Brueck, Doc Bages, John Blakely, Mohle P. Bentley, Mr. Brown, P. J. Casey, M. Cohen, J. D. Cannon, Lon Mark Christol, John P. Clow, Thos. Dobbins, Pete Duffy, W. J. Deland, Paddy Duffy, John Edwards, Jack Edwards, J. H. Frankland, Chris. Faber, John Flynn, Clarence H. Freeman, George W. Foster, (2) Jim Fell, Wm. Graham (2), Pete Golden, Ed. Gates (2), W. G. George, Capt. T. E. Halleck, John F. Hartnett, Wm. Hanrahan, W. H. Hutcheson, Ed. James (2), Dan Kane (2), Fred Krohn, Thos. King (2), M. K. Kittleman, Andrew T. Kipp (2), Oscar Lewis, J. A. Lightfoot (2), Nathan Lovell, Ed. McDonald, Wm. P. Murphy, Capt. McMahon, Samuel H. Miller, W. Murphy, Barney McGuire, G. J. Montgomery, Patay Murphy, Jos. A. Montefiore, Charlie Mitchell, Jas. P. McVeigh, Alf Oakley (2), Wm. Patterson (2), Michael Pfleum, Billy Redmond, Cyrus Ridell, W. W. Rudock, Johnstone, Robins, Wm. Sondan, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Sterck, C. R. Taylor, Capt. Manuel C. Thomas, Tom Turk, Miss May Tobin, Miss Minnie Vernon, Harry Vaughan, Frank White, Odell

SPORTING NOTES.

Rumors and Realities of Athletic Amusements Fully Reported.

At Philadelphia, on July 12, Cornell University won the Childs cup by default.

At Lynn, Mass., on July 4, William Rowe rode a bicycle 1 mile in 2 minutes 35.3 seconds.

The famous trotter George M. Patchen, better known as California Patchen, died recently at San Francisco.

The Newport cricket club defeated the Providence club at Newport, R. I., on July 9. Score 15 to 27, made in one inning.

The cricket match at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 9, between the King's County and Manhattan clubs, was won by the latter. Score, 85 to 79.

Col. J. H. McLaughlin is out in Montana and has issued through the Butte Miner a challenge to wrestle any man in Montana or the world in any style. McLaughlin will wrestle Buchanan, of Grand Rapids, at Helena.

George Le Blanché recently received a letter from M. J. Ryan, of Cleveland, asking his terms for a fight with Reddy Gallagher to a finish, the fight to take place in or near Cleveland. Le Blanché answered that he would fight Gallagher to a finish with small gloves for \$1,000 a side and the privilege of placing an outside bet of \$500.

The three-mile sculling race on the Schuylkill at Philadelphia between Dan Galanah and Pat Dempsey came off on July 11. Dan Galanah was pulling his fourth stroke of one of his oars broke, and he stopped rowing. Dempsey continued over the course, and finished in about 20:55. The purse of \$250 was paid to Dempsey.

Richard Howell, the English champion bicyclist rider, and Temple, the American wheelman, was to ride three miles at London, England, a quarter of a mile, half mile and a mile. The quarter-mile race was won by Howell by half a yard. He also won the half-mile race by five yards. Temple declined to contest the mile race. Temple hails from Philadelphia.

Pittsburg's plunger, George, alias Phil Smith, is probably the most successful backer of race horses in the country. Last year he won \$20,000, and up to date this season he is fully \$20,000 ahead of the turf. On one day he won \$10,300 in Chicago, picking Malaria, Katie A., Foster, Insolence and Wandroo among the winners at Latonia. He also bet \$500 the same day in Kelly's books on Kirness at 4 to 1 against, and won in consequence \$2,000.

The "Sporting Life," London, England, June 23, contains the following cable:

NEW YORK, JUNE 23.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the New York Police Gazette, accepts, on behalf of Jake Kilrain, the challenge of Jen Smith, published in the *Sporting Life* of June 21, and has posted \$200 with the *New York Clipper* to bind a match to fight for the world's championship, the diamond belt, and \$500 a side; the day to come off in either Spain, Ireland, or France.

At Chicago, on July 7, the lacrosse match for the championship of America was won by the Calumets. The match came off at the ball park and was witnessed by several hundred people. Five goals were played, the winners taking three and the Chicagoans two. The contest was a spirited one throughout. The Chicagoans fought hard for the last goal and showed themselves to be a well-organized team. A challenge from the St. Pauls awaited the winners, and at the close of the game the secretary of the Calumets telephoned from the grounds accepting.

At the Chicago Jockey Club on July 9, Jacobin, who can run a mile in 1:40, was pulled, while Aurelia allowed to beat him. Jacobin only carried 102 pounds, while Aurelia carried 100 pounds. In the betting Aurelia was a big favorite at \$150. Jacobin second choice at \$55, in a pool of \$225. A stable boy named Ward had the mount on Jacobin, and the bookmakers were laying 2½ and 1 to 1 against Jacobin, and though the money poured in they never flinched or took down their odds. After the race nearly five hundred people gathered around the judges and expressed dissatisfaction with the race, but no attention was paid to the race was given Aurelia. In a former race on Derby Day Aurelia had the advantage of the start, yet by hard running Jacobin won by a neck, at a mile in 1:40½.

Jimmy Carroll, the well-known boxer, is training at the Lake House, Southwick, Mass. Carroll writes as follows: "I have seen in several papers that Jim Dillon knocked me out. I never was conquered by any light-weight or middle-weight, and it is cheap advertising of Harry Unlak. I know the latter will not fight any one, and in regard to Dillon I will raise a purse of \$500, and \$100 shall go to the loser, if he will fight me fifteen rounds or to a finish. I will say more. If I do not stop him in 13 rounds I will forfeit the purse. I made him quit in the second round—I was plumb full at that. He did knock me down or rather pushed me down. I sent him down and after that he quit. I hope you will contradict my statement. If he will come on I will pay his expenses if I win. I will meet him either in New York or Boston."

Jack Burke, the Irish lad, has been at Reed's Lake, the summer resort in the suburbs of Grand Rapids, Mich., the past month, training for his meeting with Ryan in San Francisco on July 25 under the direction of Paddy Carroll. He gave two athletic exhibitions in a large tent at the lake, on the Fourth of July, assisted by Paddy Carroll, Tom Chandler, Jim Doughney, Artie Plenty, Frank Ware, R. S. Rhenshaw and local talent. He will leave his present haunts soon for Detroit, where he will give an exhibition, and thence will go West, giving exhibitions on the way to California. He is in excellent condition, and has been putting in his time to good advantage. He is very confident of winning the battle with Ryan, and immediately after that fight he will take the steamer for Australia, and after thrashing a few of the antipodean scoundrels, will continue on his way around the world, returning to America in about two years.

Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete, arrived in this city on the 8th inst., and called at this office. Ross has made for himself a great name as a champion swordsman. Among the most prominent men he has defeated are: Col. Chas. Lonon, a Texas ranger; Sergeant O'Davis, 2d U. S. Cavalry; Capt. E. N. Jennings, Eighth Hussars, British army; Captain Leo Gaston of Napoleon's Guard; Capt. Jacob Voss, 15th Uhlant Cavalry, German army; Ex-Brigadier Leon Legros, French army; Captain Garrique, Chasseur d'Afrique, French army; Sergeant Chas. Crowley, U. S. army; Major P. O'Brien, of Australia; Capt. J. Green ex-Confederate; Sergeant M. Ross, Uhlant Cavalry, German army; Major Berryman, 4th Royal Irish, British army; Major Ferguson, in a sword vs. bayonet contest; Signor Giovanni Caffieroli, of the Papal Guard; Xavier Orloffsky, Prussian Black Hussars; Sergeant Chas. Walsh, 8th Missouri. Defeated by Sergeant C. Walsh, April 1

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions
on Matters of Sport-
ing Interest.

The position of starter on our race courses is the most responsible and thankless one occupied by any of the club officials. One of the cardinal virtues which the starter should possess is honesty, not only in principle, but purpose. He should not only be honest enough to be above corruption, but at the same time impartially honest. He should possess good temper, patience, judgment, steady nerve, quick eye and decision.

Few men possess all these qualities, and when a starter does possess them, or apparently so, he should exhibit them not only when directly under the eyes of his superiors and within the hearing of the spectators, but when so far away that his actions and language do not reach the ear or eye of the public and the officials to whom he is responsible. Nothing is more to be reprehended in starters than prejudice, and this quality often leads them to perpetrate outrages upon jockeys who really should not be severely punished.

In delegating to the starters the extraordinary powers which they possess under the rules, it was never designed to allow them to inflict severe, excessive and unnecessary punishment. It is a principle in common law that excessive dues and punishments shall not be inflicted, yet jockeys whose sole means of making a living is their occupation, and frequently with a widowed mother and orphan brothers and sisters dependent upon them for the staff of life, are disqualified and suspended for a whole year, equal to finding a man who has not a dollar in the world \$5,000 and imprisonment until the fine is paid, or committing him to State prison for the term of his natural life.

Jockeys as a rule desire, and in our judgment try, to obey the starters, but many of them are physically unable to control the horses, and are instructed to get away well if possible. The older and more experienced jockeys are often the cause of the many false starts than the younger, weaker and more inexperienced. They habitually keep their horses back and refuse to come up or start until they have a clear advantage, and starters repeatedly overlook their conduct and suspend those who are not at fault.

It is easy to delay and exhaust the patience of the starter and the public by persistently refusing to come up and join the horses as to break away prematurely, and very often the latter occurs from the inability of the lighter weights to control fractious horses, yet in nearly all cases the only parties punished are those who are making all honest efforts to obey the starter and get away, and the real culprit felicitates himself with having hoodwinked the official and escaped the punishment which his conduct merits.

The practice of starters in taking horses half a furlong behind the starting post is wrong and unjust. The rule allows him to take them a reasonable distance back in order to secure a fair start, but is a reasonable distance so far beyond the post as to practically place some of the horses *à la combat* by compelling them to run so far beyond their distance that they cannot possibly win.

All the starters have adopted the ridiculous practice of laying aside their flags while they deliver a lecture to the jockeys, and expect the horses to stand anchored until it is their deliberate pleasure to assume the official baton. No starter ought to lay down his flag at any time, and when he does so he throws away all chance of securing a good start or of taking advantage of one which often occurs when he is not ready.

There is no fixed position for the starter, and hence the folly of pursuing this course. Jockeys have some rights which starters should respect. They are powerless to punish the official, no matter how unjustly and unfairly treated, and an appeal to the higher authority is seldom successful.

It would be well, in the interest of both jockeys and owners, that there should be a closer supervision of the acts and doings of the starters in order to correct some of the abuses and injustice practiced upon a helpless and dependent class.

The manner of suspending jockeys for trivial offenses is manifestly unjust and trying to owners who pay large salaries to their jockeys with the understanding that they are permitted to ride for others when not needed by their employer, and their suspension for long periods, frequently without cause, is, to say the least, very reprehensible and unnecessary.

The starter should not be too sensitive to criticism, especially to fair and just criticism, and if he were honest, fearless and upright he would rather invite than object to it. All men in public positions of trust must expect and cannot avoid criticism of their official acts.

Our advice to starters is to be just, honorable and impartial, never to deceive jockeys, but do just what is promised, and they will find all jockeys ready, willing and anxious to obey orders. There must be confidence, and this can only be secured by fair dealing and honest representation.

Be careful in suspending jockeys, and be sure that there is just cause for punishment before it is inflicted. Remember the jockey depends upon his occupation for his daily bread, and may have others dependent upon his earnings.

Recollect also, while suspending jockeys, the injustice that may be inflicted upon owners, and the injury to the club arising from excluding horses from their engagements by reason of the wholesale suspensions. Then exercise the autocratic power conferred in the rules with proper discretion.

The growing interest in athletic sports among young men of this city and vicinity is worthy of all encouragement, but I wish to utter my protest against matters athletic being carried to excess. The dangerous extremes to which ambitious athletic amateurs often go is a subject as seldom discussed as it is worthy of earnest depreciation.

The desire to excel in certain kinds of athletic rivalry causes men of delicate physique to weaken their constitutions by a too rigid habit of life, by exercising too violently. To the ambitious athlete let me say: Don't train to excess. Exercise may be absurdly abused as alcohol or tobacco.

The first thing to be avoided is too violent work at the start. Most beginners, at their first appearance on the track, are apt to do more work than the soft, flabby condition of their muscles will stand and the result is that the leaders of the legs become strained, and it is often months before the athlete is able to do a good performance.

A beginner should move very slowly, and by all means avoid quick starting and sudden stops. The first object to be attained is the removal of all superfluous flesh and a gradual hardening of the muscles. This object can be attained better by slow work than fast. It is a good plan to put on heavy shoes, and move a mile or more at a slow jog. This does not exhaust while it opens all the pores of the skin and hardens the muscles by a gradual process.

After two weeks of this kind of work light shoes may be worn and fast work commenced. Even then, however, quick starting should be avoided, as more strains are incurred in getting away from the mark than in any other way. A good way is to move in a sprint gradually and reduce speed by the same gradual process.

When a person comes on the track he should do the work he intends to do and hurry back to the stripping room before he has a chance to cool off. Many make the mistake of standing around after they are through work, thus running the risk of colds and rheumatism.

The matter of diet is one which always puzzles the novice. The idea which most people have of training is starving oneself to reduce flesh. This is nonsense. The athlete should eat plenty of good, substantial food, as strength is necessary for the work he has to do.

Pastry and greasy diet should be avoided, but plain, substantial food may be partaken of heartily. In practising athletes should run their distance, so as to become familiar with the course. If one is practising for a quarter-mile race he should run the distance every day, although, of course, not at top speed.

Athletes should never run themselves to a standstill in practice, as it tends to disgust even the most stout-hearted. Should those in training find that they are losing the elasticity of step natural to a well-trained man, they should rest for a few days, as steady work has made them leg-weary.

These few words of advice, if carefully followed, will remove many of the unpleasant features of preliminary training and make the work much easier to the novice.

Despite the fact that Hanlan has rowed many hard races since his first appearance in a racing shell; that it is the common impression that his training, always severe, must have told on his vital resources; that his trip to the antipodes took many pounds of steam out of him; and that eleven years of weariness have had their effect, it is the very height of absurdity to suppose that he is a played-out sculler.

The only trouble with the Toronto man was that he found Gaudaur a better man than he expected. Moreover, he knew that it was to meet a man who twice defeated Teemer and rowed Beach the hardest race of his life, while Teemer and Beach both beat him, and apparently with comparative ease.

It is now in order for Gaudaur to make a visit to the antipodes and wrest from the Australian the proud title of champion of the world.

What a peculiar condition of matters sculling we shall have supposing that Hanlan goes over to Australia, and by luck or skill happens to defeat Beach for the world's champion-ship.

We should then have it as an undisputed fact that Hanlan—an inferior man, according to results, to a couple of American scullers—held the title of champion of the world, an appellation of dignity admittedly superior to that of one country only. A strange state of affairs it would be, now wouldn't it?

Hanlan is reported as saying that despite his Monday's defeat he is certain that he can beat Gaudaur. Well, then, let him make another race and prove his right to be considered the best sculler of America before he tries conclusions for the world's championship.

It is my opinion that the romance of the turf was never more fully illustrated than in the case of the race horse C. H. Todd, the Chicago Derby winner, traded at one time for \$100 and a Shetland pony.

The saying, "You cannot judge a man by the clothes he wears," will, in a measure, apply to racehorses, for you cannot judge a horse by the price paid for him. This fully applies to C. H. Todd, the winner of the American Derby.

Says the Sacramento "Bee": C. H. Todd was bred and raised at Theodore Winter's Rancho del Rio, in this county, and was sold at the first annual sale of Del Rio yearlings, at Shear's stables in this city, on July 16, 1885, to Joe Harver, of San Francisco, for \$30.

Todd is one of the best bred youngsters on the Coast, but is a trifle under size, although what is termed a "powerful little horse." He was foaled May 8, 1884, and is by Joe Hooker out of Rosa B., by Norfolk; 2d dam Mattle A., by Australian.

By the above it will be seen that his pedigree is very fashionable, and speed and quality are very prominent factors in its make-up.

I understand Reddy Gallagher, of Cleveland, is eager to meet any middle-weight in America for \$1,000 a side.

I should think if Gallagher was eager to make a contract of this kind that he should follow the proper course of putting up a deposit and issuing a challenge. Gallagher's defi- would, when backed up with money, prove to the public that he was in earnest.

The idea of his challenging Jack Dempsey is absurd; for, in the first place, he is well aware that Jack Dempsey will not contend in the magic circle unless a large stake is deposited to contend for, and, in the next place, Dempsey, according to my judgment, would not be able to enter the ring of rings, owing to the fracture his arm received, for six months to come.

Gallagher has already a hard bargain to drive with Charley Mitchell, and I should suppose that he would be anxious to have one load off his shoulders before he made arrangements to carry another.

Duncan C. Ross called at this office on July 8 and having read that Reddy Gallagher had challenged Peter J. Nolan and all the middle weights, said: "I will back Nolan against Gallagher if the backers of the Cleveland boy put up any money, against Gallagher, that he will whip all the fighters in America except Jake Kilrain, the champion."

By the way, Ross desired me to inform the members of the Brooklyn Athletic Club that if they were anxious to match E. W. Johnson to compete against him in a series of athletic games for the championship of the world all they have to do to settle the long controversy is to send a deposit of \$250 to this office and articles of agreement, and the match will be made.

Johnson has been issuing challenges to contend against Ross, and it has been announced that the Brooklyn Athletic Club would back him. It will now be seen where the shoe pinches, for Ross has deposited \$250 with Richard K. Fox to prove he means match-making.

Hanover won the Lorillard stakes, at Monmouth Park, on July 1, adding \$7,000 more to the Dwyers' exchequer.

Hanover has proved that he is the great horse the POLICE GAZETTE all winter said he was.

It is an open question which is the greatest race horse Ormonde or Hanover. I claim Hanover is the great English champion racer's equal, if not his superior.

By the way, I see that Ormonde won the Hardwicke stakes, valued at \$10,000, in England. He ran 1 1/2 miles, with 136 pounds up, and beat Minting, Bendigo and Phil, running the distance in 2:45 2-5.

The bay colt Ormonde was bred by his owner, the Duke of Westminster, for whom he is trained at Epsom, by John Porter.

The colt made his debut in a post sweepstakes at Newmarket Second October meeting, and defeated Modwena and Warbler. At the Newmarket Houghton meeting he won the Criterion stakes from Oberon, Mephisto and three others, and at the same meeting won the Dewhurst Plate from Whitefriar, Murdoch and eight others.

His next essay, as a three-year-old, was in the Two Thousand Guineas, for which he defeated Minting, Mephisto, Saraband, St. Mirin and Coracle, and he won the Epsom Derby in a canter from The Bard, St. Mirin and six others.

He then went on and captured in succession the St. James' Palace Stakes and the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, the Doncaster, St. Leger, the Eighth Great Foal Stakes, and the St. Leger Stakes at Newmarket First October Meeting, the Champion Stakes at Newmarket Second October Meeting, the Fred Handicap Sweepstakes and the Private Sweepstakes (for which he walked over) at Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

He made his re-appearance in public this season at the present Ascot meeting, and won the Rous Memorial Stakes from Kilwin and Agave, so that up to the present he has retained an unbeaten certificate.

AN HISTORIC BATTLE.

The Great Fistic Encounter Between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers, at Farnborough, England, in 1860.

Owing to the great interest manifested in the international fistic encounter between Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of America and holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and Jim Smith, the champion of England, we have decided to reproduce a report of the great international battle fought twenty-seven years ago between John C. Heenan, the Beaufort Boy, champion of America in 1859-60, and Tom Sayers, champion of England. There are thousands of readers of the POLICE GAZETTE who are not familiar with the details of this great struggle, and there is not the least doubt on the eve of just such another important mill the POLICE GAZETTE report of the mill will be found very interesting.

When John Carmel Heenan challenged John Morrissey the latter said to Heenan:

"Go and fight Tom Sayers for the championship of the world. If you win, then I will fight you for \$10,000."

It was this twitting remark of Morrissey's that made Heenan determined to win the championship of the world and led to his challenging Tom Sayers.

Following Morrissey's advice, Heenan issued a general challenge to fight any man in the world for \$1,000 or \$2,000. It was expected that Aaron Jones, who had fought Tom Sayers, would meet Heenan; but the latter was eager to fight Tom Sayers, who at that period held the champion belt in England, so that there was no chance of a match being arranged then between England and America, to be fought on American soil, owing to these circumstances.

Heenan in the meantime gained hosts of friends, and they were eager to back or match him against any pugilist in the world.

John Woods, of Boston, better known as Cockney Woods, a tall, heavy-weight pugilist, accepted Heenan's challenge and a fight was put up to find a match for the two rivals to fight in Florida. It fell through, and Heenan had then no resource but to look for an opponent in England.

Heenan was thus deprived of an opportunity to wipe out whatever stain might attach to his defeat, but longed for a chance to exhibit his prowess in the ring under more favorable auspices, and accordingly sent forth a blast of defiance to the whole world, offering to battle with any man living for any reasonable sum up to \$10,000. This was in the winter of 1859-60, and a show of accepting the banner was made by a party on behalf of John Woods, of Boston, Mass.; but when the time arrived to draw up articles and post money, the party representing the stalwart New Engander alighted his mind, and the negotiations came to naught. This left Heenan the recognized and undisputed champion of America, with no immediate or even distant prospect of anyone coming forward to contest his claim.

The fame of Tom Sayers, who had fought thirteen good battles, losing but one, and had become champion of England by defeating the Tipton Slasher, in 1857, was now at its height, and he was regarded the best man the British prize ring had produced in a dozen years or more.

One evening, early in the spring of 1860, his achievements became the topic of conversation among a party of well-known gentlemen assembled in the Dexter House, located on Broome street near Broadway, and which was a favorite resort for the better class of sporting men and members of the theatrical and minstrel professions. At this time it was kept by Fred Falkland, familiarly called "Little Fred," who had succeeded Ex. White and Bill Shaw in the proprietorship, and was subsequently bought out by T. B. Prendergast, a popular member of Bryant's minstrels, who were then in the enjoyment of the fun-loving public's special favor, and were nightly coining money, so to speak, in their little snuggeries around the corner, on Broadway.

Among the number present on the evening mentioned was Heenan, who, while discussing a plate of raw on the half-shell at the lunch counter, suddenly interrupted the conversation with the remark:

"I can whip that man!"

Neil Bryant, of minstrel fame, who was standing near, turned to him and inquired if he meant what he said. To this an affirmative and decided answer was returned, whereupon Bryant said he would find money to back him against the apparently invincible British champion.

After exchanging ideas on the subject, and canvassing the prospect of obtaining the requisite amount of funds, which at that time was a very difficult matter in a match of such description, Mr. Bryant visited Chris. O'Connor, in New York, a staunch friend of Heenan, and a liberal patron of out and in-door sports. Upon being informed of what was in the wind, O'Connor proclaimed himself of the same mind as Bryant, and said he would stand money in the match, which he did, unlike others, who promised but failed to perform. The third party who took a lively interest in the projected match was Dick Bladon, whose name is familiar to our readers in various departments of sport, said trio undertaking to collect the necessary funds.

Though meeting with up-hill work, and frequently laying themselves open to the charge of attempting to talk their friends to death, these self-constituted collectors ultimately succeeded in obtaining the requisite amount of money, each contributing liberally to the fund himself.

In March of that year a challenge was forwarded to "Bell's Life," in which Heenan offered to fight the champion of England, whoever he might be, upon English soil, for \$2,500 a side, nothing being asked for expenses.

In case Sayers should meet with defeat at the hands of either of the three men with whom he was then matched—Bill Benjamin, an unknown and Bob Brettle—Heenan would fight the victor.

To this challenge a reply was sent to the POLICE GAZETTE by Sayers, who stated that, until he was clear of the engagements he had on hand, he could not accept, but that if he was fortunate enough to prove victorious in each, he would be happy to accommodate the American for not less than \$200 a side and the belt (nowise involved in the terms of Heenan's challenge), and bet \$500 upon the result. His answer concluded as follows:

"Till these fights are settled, I cannot enter into any fresh matches; but in the event of anything transpiring that may upset them, and I should be a man clear of any matches, my backer and representative, Mr. John Gideon, will put himself in direct communication with George Wilkes, and it is then possible we may come to some terms, as we should have all that either of us requires—a fair stand-up fight for the championship—a clear stage and no favor, and 'may the best man win!'"

This letter was published in the POLICE GAZETTE in April, 1860, and two days later the party to whom Heenan had entrusted the arrangement of the match forwarded the following:

"I, John C. Heenan, of the city of West Troy, United States of America, hereby challenge Thomas Sayers, the champion of England, to fight me in six months from the time of his reception of this challenge, or from the date of the first deposit under it, for \$200 a side and the champion's belt; the fight to take place near London, Eng., and to be governed by the rules of the London Prize Ring."

A few days subsequently to the date upon which Heenan's first challenge was sent, another was forwarded to Sayers by Aaron Jones, who had been beaten twice by him prior to coming to America to train Heenan for his fight with Morrissey, and who said that should Jones draw out, he would come to terms with Heenan.

This challenge was accompanied by a draft for \$200, and as Heenan's agent had neglected to forward a deposit with his first challenge, Jones of course was given the preference. Notification of this fact was sent to the American at once by Sayers, who said that should Jones draw out, he would come to terms with Heenan.



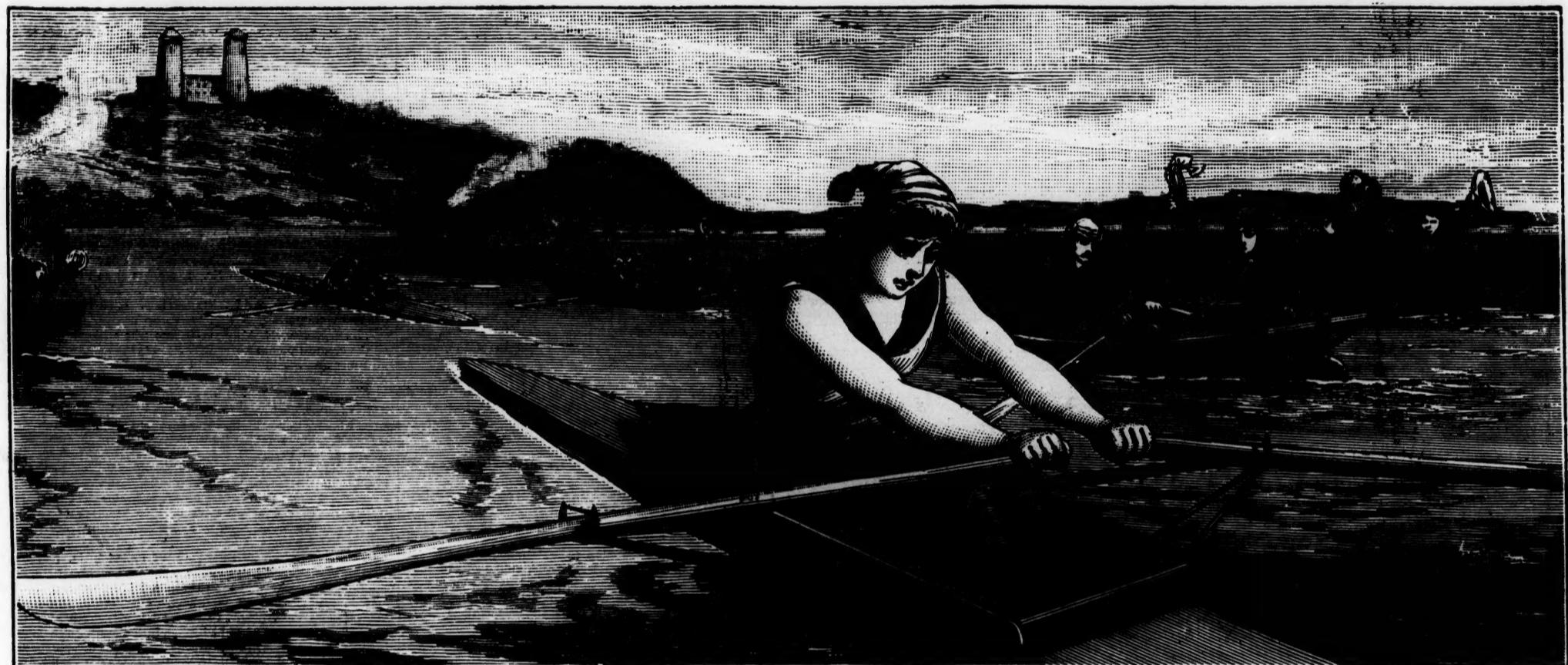
SWEPT AWAY BY A WAVE.

WIDOW ELIZABETH MCKENNA IS KNOCKED OFF HER FEET AND CARRIED OUT TO SEA BY A BREAKER AT ASBURY PARK, N. J.



ROBBING A CORPSE.

THE BODY OF GEORGE SMITH, WHO DROPPED DEAD AT MONMOUTH PARK RACES, IS RELIEVED OF A DIAMOND RING BY SOME UNKNOWN SCOUNDREL.



FANNY WON.

TWO PRETTY GIRLS, SUMMERING AT ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, N. J., ROW A SCULLING MATCH IN THEIR BATHING SUITS.



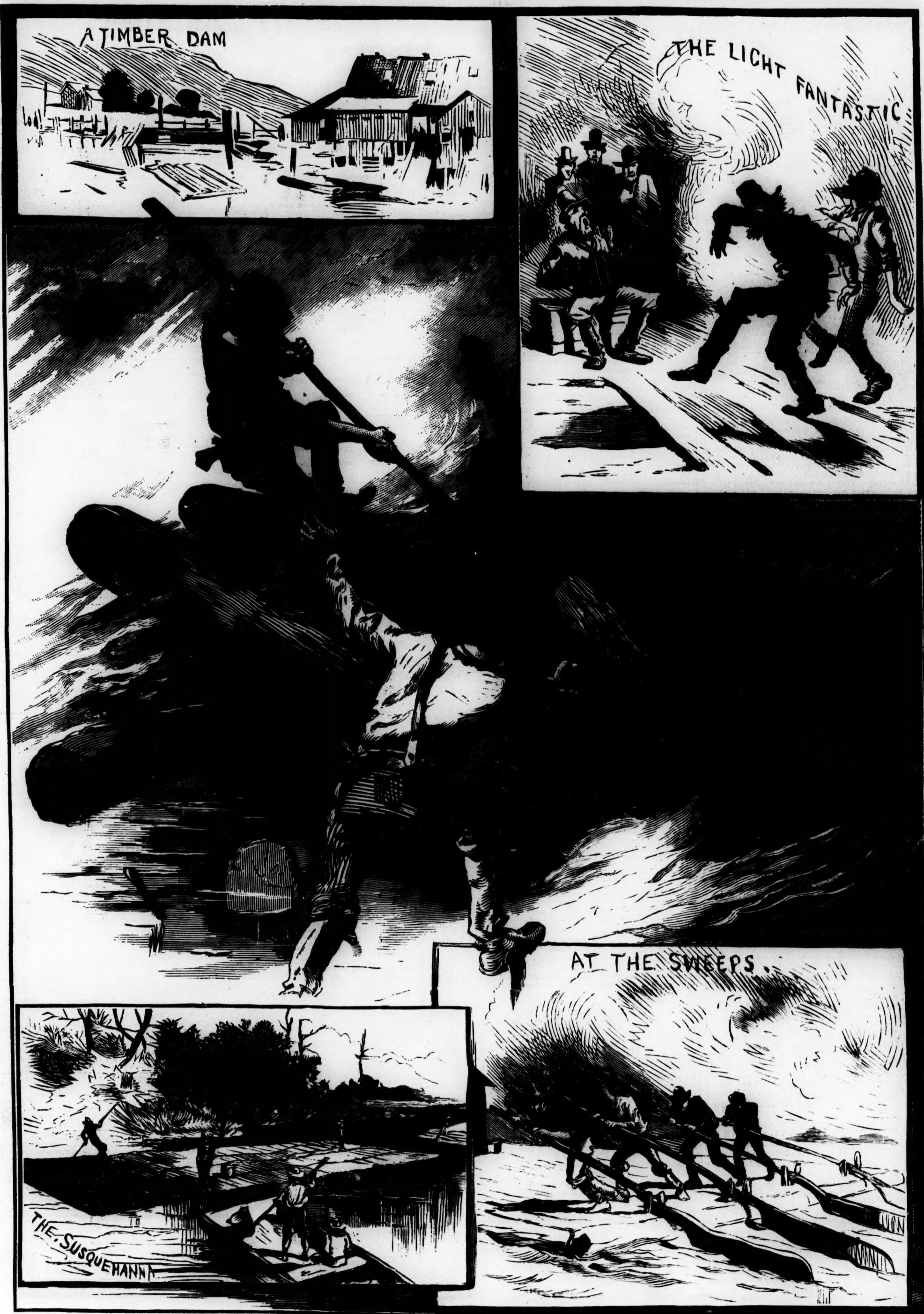
THE ALPENA "PUR ROBBERS."

DETECTIVE HULLIGAN'S THREE MURDERERS ARRIVE IN CHAINS AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, AND ARE WELCOMED BY A FURIOUS MOB OF CITIZENS.



THEY WEAKENED.

THE PRISON GUARDS AT FOLSON, CALIFORNIA, QUELL A CONVICT OUTBREAK BY OPENING FIRE WITH A GATLING GUN.



LIFE IN THE LUMBER REGIONS.

HOW THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF TIMBER IS GOT OUT OF THE WILDERNESS BY AMERICAN BRAVERY AND SKILL.

BASE HITS.

Sparks From the Green Diamond of America's National Game.



John O'Brien,

Whose portrait is here given, is one of the many professionals who claim Philadelphia, Pa., as a birthplace. He is only twenty-seven years old, but has been prominently before the public for a number of years. His ball playing career commenced in 1878 as catcher of the Yeager club, an amateur organization of the Quaker City. He caught for the Yeagers in their extraordinary contest with the Girard College nine June 29, 1878, it being next to the longest game on record in regard to number of innings played. So evenly matched were the two teams that no fewer than twenty-one innings were necessary before the question of superiority was settled in favor of the Yeagers by a score of 10 to 7. O'Brien made two runs, besides accomplishing some brilliant work behind the bat. His fine play in this game led to his engagement with the Athletics, the representative professional team of his native city, and he proved to be the best of the ten different players that had been tried by the management in the catcher's position during the season of 1878. O'Brien caught for the California club, of San Francisco, Cal., in 1879, and materially helped that organization to win the championship of the Pacific Coast. He declined remaining more than one season in San Francisco, although he was offered very flattering inducements. Returning to his native city in 1880, he rejoined the Athletics. He has caught for several pitchers during his brief but brilliant professional career, giving each and all of them clever support, his work behind the bat in the seasons of 1882 being especially noteworthy. He is an honest and hard-working player, who has but few equals for pluck and coolness in his position.

Curry has not got the heart of a louse.

The New Yorks have a way of getting there when least expected.

Grace Pearce has not caught on very well with the western people.

Maul is mawling the ball for all it is worth since he joined the Philadelphias.

Myers, of the Washingtons, looks like a fish out of water with his gold-headed cane.

They have not unearthed the dead. It is only Fred Goldsmith that has been rejuvenated.

Bridgeport was compelled to turn up its toes, as a result of high-salaried and slim crowds.

When it comes to base running the Washingtons can hold their own with the best of them.

O'Brien, of the Mets, was a wonderful find. Wonder if they grow any more like him out West?

The Mets struck their gait, but it did not take them long to discover that it was entirely too fast for them.

"Rad," the "King," and "Rad," the "Graceful," is the style in which they blarney him up when he wins.

If the New Yorks only had a few more twirlers like Tim Keefe they could win a cart load of pennants.

There is one thing certain, and that is Bob Ferguson can umpire a game, even if he can't manage a club.

Each Phelps has a great big twelve-club scheme in his nut, but he is about a thousand years behind the age.

Baseball must be kind of slack in Cleveland when they have to announce a brass band as one of the attractions.

The Washingtons would like to sell Kreig if they could only find some club new enough in the baseball business to buy.

Said a prominent sporting man to Manager Mutrie: "This thing of getting beaten every other game or so is a chestnut."

Larry Corcoran, the once famous baseball twirler, has seen his best days, as his chum, strong drink, has won him entirely.

Poor Kelly. The Bostons have dropped to third place, and Kelly is getting ripped up the back for all it is worth. In other words, the Bostons evidently expected to have the championship thrown in when they gave up \$10,000 for Kelly.

The Boston Herald, in speaking editorially of Kelly, says: "As a player, he is a fine batter and an incomparable base runner; but as a fielder the majority of the Boston club are his superiors."

In reference to the recent Western trip, Kelly gets touched up again in the following gentle fashion: "The games played at the West have been a succession of disheartening reverses, to which the error columns of Kelly, Wise and Nash appear to have largely contributed. The excuse of impaired physical condition is doubtless to be accepted for the two latter, and the anxiety of a great responsibility under difficulties may have had its effect upon Kelly." This is a bad black eye for the "only Kelly," and from the Boston club organ at that. What is the matter? Are they weakening on their \$10,000 beauty? What great responsibility had Kelly on his shoulders during the Western trip, any more than John Morrell or any of the other players? He got no part of that \$10,000 Spalding pocketed, and as there was no pledge given that the pennant was to go to Kelly, we really fail to see where the responsibility comes in.

JUNE.

of the Buffaloes, received, as was at first suspected, as the chances are he will have to undergo an operation.

Jack Nelson is holding his end up in great shape, and is not one day older than the day he commenced playing ball, in 1847, and he does not anticipate retiring until 1947.

Burns of the Baltimores was recently presented with a handsome and costly gold medal by the William Penn Club for taking the cake as a loud-mouthed, senseless coacher.

W. R.—Just why the Northwestern League clubs are finding fault with A. G. Spalding's balls is a question we are unable to answer, and will therefore refer you to Mr. Spalding himself.

None of the ball players are sorry that big Thompson did not kill Dunlap when they collided; they only regret the fact of the Detroit being weakened at second base by Dunlap's absence.

There are no flies on Harry Wright, for when he gets a man in the Philadelphia club he cannot handle, he sells him to some other club at a good round figure, after fining him the extent of his back pay.

The "Mets" are about the only club in the country that can play a losing game and not lose caste with the public. In fact, everybody looks for them to lose and simply appear agreeably surprised when they win.

The trouble with Dave Orr is that he is carrying about 100 pounds too much flesh. Until he gets rid of the superfluous fat he will not begin to come up to his old standard in either batting or fielding. A man cannot be pussy and play good ball.

Of all the tricky players, Welch, of the St. Louis Browns, takes the lead. In fact there is nothing slow about any of the St. Louis players, and if they are unable to win a game on its merits they are almost sure to succeed through their tricks.

The O'Leary clique in the Omaha club have come to grief. O'Leary and Swift, the ringleaders, were fined \$50 by the management and the chances are they will be blacklisted by the western League. There is nothing like taking the bull by the horns.

Why does not Bobby Caruthers give us something original and not that old threadbare gag of "this being his last season, as he intended to retire and go into business." Jim White has sprung this chestnut each season since the year one, when the Devil was a baby.

Since Von der Ahe has discovered that Burns of the Baltimores is just about as clever as any of the Browns, he regrets having voted to remove him from the black list. There is nothing selfish about Von der Ahe, only it makes him tired to see other rowdies as good as his own.

Von der Ahe has a foolish idea that were the St. Louis Browns in the League they would win the pennant to a standstill. If they ever get in he will find himself the worst mis-taken man in America, as his boys, although champions of the Association, cannot hold a candle to some of the League clubs.

There is such a thing as allowing your mouth to get you into trouble, and that is what wind Latham did last week in St. Louis. Von der Ahe fined him \$25 for not wearing a moustache, and Latham's mouth got away from him again and said some very nasty things to the "Boss Manager" before he could get it under control; by that time, however, just \$10 more had been added to the \$25.

Cleaning out houses of questionable character is by no means the most pleasant occupation for professional ball players. Those society ladies generally lay in pretty solid with the police, a little pointer the Indianapolis boys discovered to their sorrow, as the coppers' clubs were not the only objectionable features, but they were slammed in the "cooler" over night, and not only fined by the magistrate the next morning, but by their club manager as well.

When six men form a combination and undertake to run the whole club, it is then high time for discipline to be applied in its most rigid form. Men of this sort should not only be heavily fined, but they should be kicked out of the baseball arena altogether. The players referred to are O'Leary, Krekmeier, Swift, Gonins, Bader and Healy, of the Omaha club, who refused to accompany the team to Lincoln to play regular Western League championship games.

Barnie is a man of elastic conscience. He sat in the press box and blushed up to the roots of his hair over the disgraceful rowdiness of his team, and then returned to Baltimore and had the unmitigated gall to say the reports about the Baltimore club in New York were overdrawn. The fact is that it is impossible to paint the Baltimore in their true colors and there are no words in the English language of sufficient severity to give that club the lacing they so richly deserve.

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Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 2 p. m. and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time, astonishes and its use continued for a short time, astonishes and debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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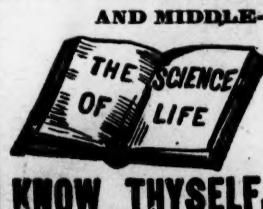
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